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Children's Newspaper, August 25, 1928

All the English-Speaking World Loves the C.N. Monthly—Ask for My Magazine

The Children's Newspaper

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WHEN THE PIE WAS OPENED

See Page Seven

THE LAST OF KOSSUTH'S MEN

STEPHEN LEBON

A Drummer Boy Who Helped to Set a Nation Free

DAYS OF FORTY-EIGHT

By Our Hungary Correspondent

Land of the Magyars! Though it be
The tyrant may relink his chain,
Already thine the victory,
As the just Future measures gain.
Thou hast succeeded, thou hast won
The deathly travail's amplest worth;
A nation's duty thou hast done,
Giving a hero to our Earth.

James Russell Lowell on Kossuth

There is something stirring to the imagination in the death of one who has been a last link with the Past.

However absorbed we may be in the present we cannot but feel a wistful regret when one of these frail links snaps and events which up till then seemed within reach slip away from us for ever.

There died the other day in Budapest an old man named Stephen Lebon, the last of those pathetic remnants of a glorious army called the Veterans of Forty-Eight. The army was that of Louis Kossuth, and it fought in 1848 against fearful odds for Hungary's freedom from Austrian oppression.

After a Heroic Struggle

It was a heroic struggle, carried on with astonishing success for eighteen months; but it was crushed at last with Russian help, and then the time of retribution began. Kossuth fled the country and finished his life in exile, while scores of his generals were shot or hanged, and hundreds perished miserably in Austrian dungeons.

Stephen Lebon, who had only been a drummer, though a gallant one, escaped so tragic a fate, but he was enrolled in the Austrian army and forced for ten long years to serve those whom he looked on as his country's enemies. Released at last, he tried to forget all that he had endured and applied himself to the sober task of earning his living. But the time came when he could work no more, and he entered a Veteran's Home.

Dear Memories Return

There, in the calm and leisure he had richly deserved, the memories he had put away came back to him, and he would talk for hours of the vivid days of his youth, of the wonderful feats of courage and endurance of his comrades, and of the giants of history it had been his privilege to see. The Great War seemed to him a very small affair in comparison with his war of 1848, and, fortunately for him, he never knew how disastrously it ended for his country.

Unaware that the region he sprang from had passed under another flag, he begged hard to be allowed to pay a visit to his native village. "Next year," he was told; and so the years passed till the last sleep came to still his longing.

Two Maids of Wales

The Welsh as a nation are beautiful singers, a fact which is amply proved at the great yearly Eisteddfod, which was held this year at Treorchy, in Glamorgan. These girls, dressed in the national costume which is a feature of the gathering, are evidently trying to prove that the Welsh are a nation of musicians as well.

ALPINE CLIMBING ON ONE LEG

MAN is unbeatable. Mr. Geoffrey Winthrop Young has just given the world another proof of it.

He lost a leg in the war, but the other day he climbed the Matterhorn, taking about 18 hours to conquer that grim, precipitous mountain. In the same week he climbed the Weisshorn, and last year he climbed Monte Rosa, descending through thigh-deep snow.

How does he do it?

Mr. Young, who is over 50, was an enthusiastic mountain climber before the war. For many years after his disablement he experimented with artificial legs and came to the conclusion that the best could never be really helpful. "It is," he says, "a rigid prop under one corner of his framework, to hold him up for a second while the other leg gets on with the work. On rough or steep ground every alternative step is an unbalancing interruption, which the dynamic leg must recover in addition to doing its double work."

By 1927 he had procured an artificial limb which was strong and light and "moderately tame," and he had learned on British hills to climb with one leg and a prop. Then he answered the call of the mountains.

With a party of young mountaineers he set off for Switzerland and challenged glacier, snowdrift, and precipice again. Would this bold attempt end in bitter failure and exhaustion? No; it ended in the glory of a triumphant climb to the summit.

There are many one-legged swimmers, a few one-legged golfers, and now there is a one-legged mountaineer. What a triumph for the will of man!

Hannibal is famous because he crossed the Alps on two legs, but greater than Hannibal is Mr. Geoffrey Winthrop Young who did it on one leg!

THE OLD FARMER'S LAST KINDNESS

SOMETHING TO LEND HIS NEIGHBOURS

Why He Kept the Big Wagon Out of the Sale

HELPING ONE ANOTHER

A charming little story is told of an aged Leicestershire farmer who, retiring on account of age, has been animated to the last by the spirit which had guided his life on the land.

At the sale of his stock it was noticed that one large wagon remained in a secluded corner of the farm, and the owner was informed of its omission.

"I know it is there," he replied, "but if I sold that I should have nothing to lend my neighbours." So the wagon remained unsold, left for whosoever may have need to call upon it.

That is the spirit of old England, the spirit our sons have carried across the sea into new lands.

A Vast Cooperative Society

The England of our ancestors had as much land in cultivation as now, yet the population numbered but three or four millions. There was always "something to lend a neighbour." If the husbandman had to work so many hours a week on the land of his lord, he had time to spare for the land of his neighbour. Agricultural England was a vast cooperative society. If Gurth the Swineherd took all the pigs of the village out daily to fatten on beech-mast and acorns in the forest, Dick's Son and Tom's Son were ploughing or reaping on the land of Harry's Son or Smith's Son.

To help each other was the unwritten law of the age. We had a slogan, "One for all and all for one," long before it became the motto of the Three Musketeers. Everybody took a hand in helping everybody. The Long Vacation which Law Courts, colleges, and public schools are at this moment enjoying is a relic of days when everybody who had interests in the country went there to help to cut, to bind, to stack, and to bring the harvest home.

Cheerful Mutual Assistance

One would lend and lead an ox for the plough, another would shoe it, a third would have horses to harness to the wains and timber; another would lend his plough to a dozen holdings in turn.

The conditions of life were squalid and altogether abominable, but the friendliness and goodwill of the people were inexhaustible. It was that spirit of hearty amity and cheerful mutual assistance which made the age seem so gracious, and won it a false reputation for happiness which has come to be described for us in the altogether misleading name of Merrie England.

The old farmer of Leicestershire is in the right succession; he has a splendid lineage many centuries old.

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A PROUD HUNGARIAN LEAVES THE WORLD

The Last of His Line

WHAT HE DID WITH HIS FORTUNE

The Hungarian nobility was once among the proudest of Europe, and no doubt one of its proudest houses was that of the Vigyazo counts.

Count Francis Vigyazo was the last of his line. He lived to see the great Magyar Kingdom humiliated and dismembered. All that he cared for in life was thus lost to him, and he had only one ambition left—that his great wealth might be used to help the advancement of learning.

So for the last eight years of his life he lived in the simplest way he could devise, that the fortune he left for his country might be as large as possible.

Now he is dead, still young at 54, and it is estimated that some two million pounds will be received from his estate by the Hungarian Academy of Sciences. Some of it is to go to the preparation of a history of the Vigyazo family, but the bulk of it is to be devoted to the advancement of science.

It is curious that this society owes its foundation a hundred years ago to an endowment by another Hungarian nobleman, the great statesman Count Stephen Szechenyi. Up to the Great War the society was very wealthy, but its fortune was destroyed by inflation. Now it will be set on its feet again.

THE HAPPINESS WE LOVE TO SEE

Men With the Joy of Work in Them

This world will never be the happy place it ought to be till all kinds of people are happy together in their work.

The C.N. loves to see signs of that kind of happiness. Here is one. It comes from the great Smith's Dock Company of North Shields.

Under the company's superannuation scheme 22 foremen have retired. After the retiring foremen had been entertained to tea the managing director of the company (Mr. Launcelot Smith) told them how much their work had been appreciated, and presented each of them with a clock reproducing the Westminster chimes and inscribed with the thanks of the directors for faithful and loyal service.

Some figures mentioned at the presentation throw a welcome light on this group of appreciated workers. The 22 had lived in the aggregate 1490 years, and were on an average 67 years old. They had worked at Smith's Dock an aggregate of 794 years, or an average of 36 years for each of them. One foreman had a record of 62 years' service, and two had served 51 years.

Evidently Smith's Dock Company has found the secret of keeping men working together in happiness. We are sure there are thousands of such working companionships of which the world hears too little, and we gladly pass this on.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Portrait by Sir W. Beechey .	£3360
Letter by Abraham Lincoln .	£950
A Burns manuscript . . .	£840
A Vauxhall mirror . . .	£483
Elizabethan oak cabinet . .	£470
Letter by Burns	£400
Elizabethan chalice . . .	£224
Letter by Byron	£180
Chippendale side-table . .	£162
James II tankard	£148
Queen Anne cabinet . . .	£131

A DARING SCHEME IN EAST ANGLIA

Can We Harness the Tidal Waters?

ELECTRICITY FOR HALF ENGLAND AT A FARTHING A UNIT

Electric power for half England at a farthing a unit would be cheaply bought at £7,000,000.

There is a scheme for harnessing the tidal waters of the Wash for that sum by means of a dam. It will be remembered that a similar scheme for the Severn estuary has long been under discussion.

The plan is to build a dam across from Skegness to Hunstanton, over twelve miles. On it would be a road saving the 70-mile journey round the coast. At right angles to this dam would be another of about the same length dividing the enclosed waters into two parts. The larger part, to the south, covering nearly a hundred square miles, would be always at high-tide level, while that on the Skegness side, about 60 square miles, would be at practically low-tide level.

The electric plant would be at the landward end of the dividing dam and would develop 600,000 horse-power. The Severn and the Wash schemes between them would find work for a great number of unemployed, and we hope they will be proceeded with. It is more than time that our idle men were given work like this to do.

AN EDUCATOR OF PEACE

Mr. S. S. Sherman

A holiday boating accident at Oxford has taken from us a man who had done much to lay sound and true the foundations of education for peace.

Mr. S. S. Sherman began his educational work as principal of the Rhine Army School, the organisation set up by the War Office to teach British soldiers in the Army of Occupation.

To teach soldiers anything but drilling and shooting is quite a modern idea, and, good as it was, Mr. Sherman came to believe that it is even better to teach people to do without soldiers than to teach soldiers in the intervals between fighting.

So he joined the staff of the League of Nations Union, which would substitute law for war, and under its guidance he published a book on Education for Peace. Now his sorrowing colleagues testify how he of all others built up the permanent basis upon which educational work of the Peace Movement has been founded.

He seemed yet at the beginning of his career, for he was only 35, and he is greatly missed.

THE TRAGEDY OF A STRAW CLOCK

15 Years of Work Gone

A careless hand destroyed the delicate product of 15 years' work with a single squeeze the other day.

This was a famous straw clock made in Germany by one Otto Wegner, who used nothing but straw in its construction. For 20 years following its 15 years of building the clock toured the exhibitions of Europe on show.

Then one day in a German railway station, in the course of its travels, it was picked up by a railway porter and damaged beyond repair by his grasp.

A PEASANT IN THE BALKANS

Tragedy of Stephen Raditch

HOME RULE LEADER OF THE CROATS

After hovering between life and death for seven weeks Stephen Raditch has succumbed to the assassin's bullet.

He was the peasant leader of the peasant nation of Croatia, who was shot with three of his colleagues on the floor of the Skupshtina, the Yugo-Slav Chamber of Deputies. His nephew Paul and one other died on the spot, but there was every hope that Stephen would recover, and his death came as a surprise. It is still doubtful whether the assassination was deliberate or the result of an ungovernable outburst of fury in the heat of debate.

Master of Many Languages

Raditch was one of the most remarkable figures of his time. Though only the ninth child of a peasant, and nearly blind, he made himself a deeply learned man, speaking fluently many languages. His elder brother used to read to him till he had learned what he heard by heart. In his holidays he wandered afoot through his native country till he knew the peasantry as no one else knew them. It is little exaggeration to say that he made the Croats a nation conscious of the need of national self-government.

In the days of Austrian rule his ambition was to create a Kingdom of the Southern Slavs under the Hapsburg crown, but when, after the war, Serbia annexed the Austrian Slavs he was well content. He found, however, that the Serbs believed in one strong central Government with the Serbs in the saddle, whereas Raditch and his Croats believed in Home Rule. It was in this fight for Home Rule that Raditch fell. It is almost certain that, though the leader has fallen, the cause will win, for a federal system is the only hope for real peace in the Balkans.

MOTHERS AT FLANDERS FIELDS

The Great Remembrance

We want to forget the horrors of the Great War, but we cannot forget (those of us who are older) what it meant when our men went marching away.

The mothers cannot forget. Ten years make little difference. As soon as the busy everyday gives them time to think they can remember the little boys grown big; they can remember how the Sun went out of the sky the day they learned they would see them no more.

The mothers have forgiven mankind their share in that stupendous Death. But they wanted to see where their dear ones lay in Flanders Field; and so, after hoarding their savings, they have joined the ranks of the British Legion pilgrims who went out to the battle-fields. Eleven thousand men and women formed that great pilgrimage, each wearing the poppy of remembrance, and many of the women wearing the medals won by those whose graves they went to see.

The mothers had lost one son, two sons; here and there was one who had lost three, and had three photographs in her pocket. Those of high rank mixed with the mothers of working men, and talked with each of their war-time griefs. The honours of the pilgrimage should certainly go to an old lady of 86 who had braved all the discomforts of the journey with heroic cheerfulness. She had lost six sons in the war. Once more, as her knotted old hands fumbled to see that the poppy was still there, and the medals still there, she felt that the sorrow of her loss was swallowed up in an immense pride.

MYSTERY OF A TREE

Fallen Trunk in Hyde Park

THE PLOT OF A FAMOUS STORY

Part of the fortune of a Dutchman has been found in the hollow trunk of a tree near Rotterdam, and the police are at a loss to explain its presence in such a hiding-place.

Age and hollowness in a great tree have always suggested romance and secrets. In Hyde Park there has just fallen a tree of great girth which, planted in Tudor days, had long been protected from the public. Some years ago a park-keeper, scaling the rails, explored the interior of the trunk and found within it all the evidences of a sleeping apartment of a man of means.

Bedroom in a Tree

There, neatly folded and protected, lay an excellent suit of pyjamas. Adjoining them were other garments, all of costly material and of admirable cut and condition. Here apparently, in the heart of a tree which Queen Elizabeth knew, was a 20th-century bedroom.

The garments were gathered together and taken to one of the lodges in the park in the hope that an explanation would be forthcoming, but from that day to this no claim has been made to the property.

James Payn, a novelist and literary man of note, who died thirty years ago, imagined a similar use of such a tree, and the tragic sequel forms the substance of his once famous novel, Lost Sir Massingberd. The baronet disappears in his hiding-place and is never seen alive again.

A Soldier Lost and Found

A few years later some such thing was actually recorded in the Philadelphia newspapers. A hurricane in the Miami Valley tore down a great hollow oak, which was found to contain the body of a man. He was known to have been lost. A soldier under Washington, he had been wounded by Red Indians, climbed the oak by the aid of an adjoining tree, and, finding the tree hollow from the crown downward, plunged in to escape pursuit.

Then he made the appalling discovery that he had misjudged the depth of the hollow; he was imprisoned without hope of escape. With him was found a diary he had kept.

"Five days without food," ran the record in the tree. "It is snowing now. The stars laugh at my misery. I freeze while I starve." Swallowed by his tree, he died in an English colony; he was discovered in the same tree in the United States republic!

THINGS SAID

The country is the real source of repose. *Lord Crawford*

Few cities are as poor in public clocks as London. *Mr. Ralph Deakin*

Wales was a nation when Birmingham was a swamp. *Mr. Lloyd George*

Oxford's girdle of fields is becoming a girdle of refuse. *Mrs. P. S. Allen*

Lord Curzon never attended a Cabinet meeting without saying a prayer.
Bishop of Warrington

Given goodwill, everything could have been settled at one or two sittings.
Prince Lichnowsky in August, 1914

The time may come when there will be no more filling or drawing of teeth.
President of the Dental Association

I believe my father was the last survivor of those who heard Scott confess he wrote Waverley.
Mr. John Murray

The great mistake my opponents have made about me is in thinking that because I come from the country I must be simple. *The Prime Minister*

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ROBERT OWEN

WHY WE SHOULD REMEMBER HIM

The Draper's Apprentice Who Started a Very Great Movement

THE FIRST CO-OP

The bust of a Welshman whose name and fame had reached every part of Europe a century ago has now been placed in the office of the International Labour Section of the League of Nations.

It may be doubted whether Robert Owen's name and work are as well known in Great Britain today as they were known throughout Europe a hundred years ago.

Never should they be forgotten, for he was a great pioneer in industry, and his bust most rightly has a place of honour in the office at Geneva where the nations of the world unite in seeking just treatment for all who work for wages.

Man and Machinery

Robert Owen was a man who attained great success and fell into deep failure, for, while holding noble views and following worthy aims, he had opinions which caused his work in a large degree to fade out. Yet he did one great thing. He was the first to impress the world with the truth that the people who work the machinery of industry are not themselves mere machinery, and that their prosperity, health, education, and happiness are of immense importance in making business successful.

It was Robert Owen who first made a stand on that question and led the way toward the humanising of industry.

He was born on May 14, 1771, at Newtown in Montgomeryshire, where his father was a saddler and ironmonger. There is no doubt that he was one of the unfortunate children, known as infant prodigies, whose minds are forced beyond their years. At seven he was teaching other children in a school; and at nine he was busy in a shop selling drapery and grocery, and reading every kind of book that he could borrow.

Reforming Factory Life

When he was ten he was apprenticed to the drapery in England, and at nineteen he was the manager of a mill employing 500 workpeople.

Besides energy he had a genius for business, and soon was a partner in the firm. Then, moving to Scotland, where there was one of the largest cotton mills, he married the daughter of the owner, and became manager and partner in a business employing 2000—of whom 500 were little children. Robert Owen, rich, successful, and not yet thirty, now began to make the condition of the workpeople's lives his chief concern.

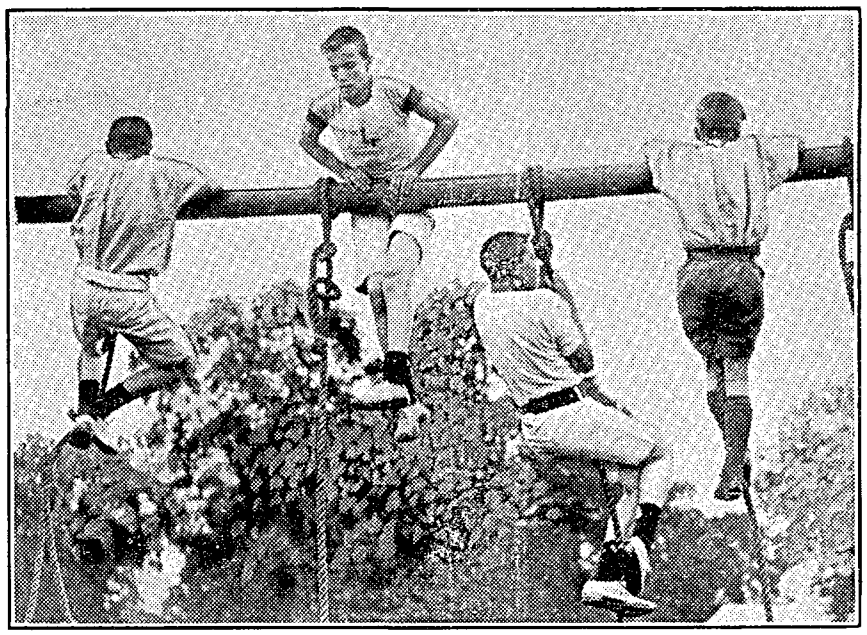
He thought out a plan for starting activities that would only pay their owners five per cent and the rest of the profits be spent in improving the conditions of life of the workpeople. On these lines he made the works at New Lanark a model that was visited by reformers from all the chief countries, and the wretched conditions of factory work, and particularly of child-labour, were there much modified.

A Genuine Pioneer

Owen now thought he could apply his system in small towns all over the world. He tried experiments in Scotland, America, England, and Ireland. They all failed. His money became exhausted. He had not foreseen the fluctuations of business that must arise and act as a drain on capital. Later he became busy with the cooperative movement and with schemes for a great Union of Labour.

Of all his labours the two permanent remains are the cooperative movement, which reached stability at a later date, and the development of his ideas of an employer's responsibility for the standard of life of his workpeople. On these lines Robert Owen was a genuine pioneer, setting an example on a new method of social responsibility.

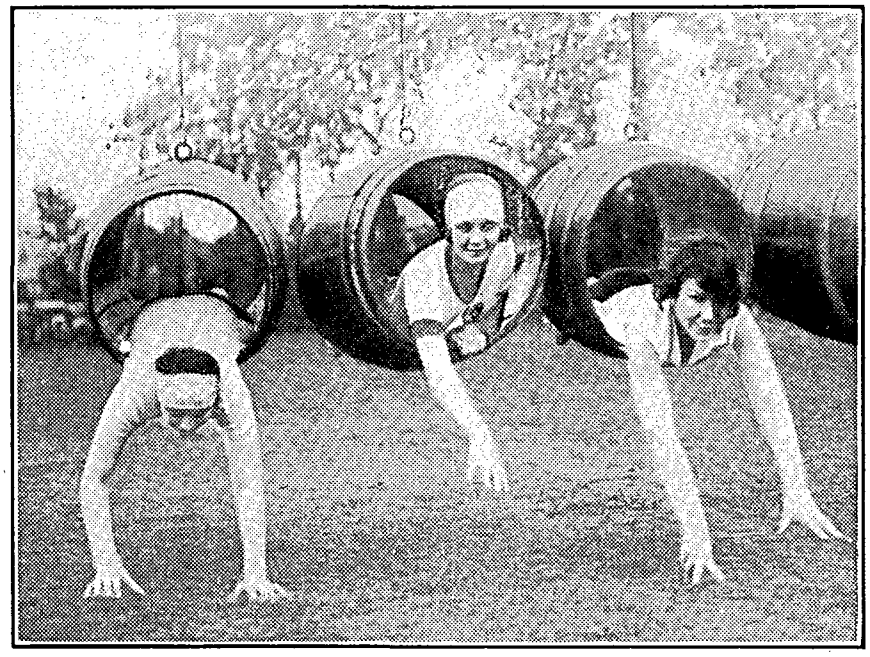
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF SPORT



Climbing the ropes and over the pole in an obstacle race

Horse-collars make amusing obstacles

Great skill is needed in the flower-pot race



Three jolly girls making their way through the barrels

The tub race is full of thrills

The bob-apple and sack race is great fun

The fact that British people do not make too serious a business of their sport is well illustrated by these pictures of some of the lighter events included in many athletic meetings which take place throughout the country during the summer months. These races provide amusement for competitors and spectators alike.

WHAT KENT IS DOING VERY WELL

WORK OF ITS COMMUNITY COUNCIL

Bringing Local Authorities Together for the Good of All

BRIGHTENING RURAL LIFE

Everyone who has travelled widely in many lands knows that there is no country more lovely than rural England, especially the England recalling the long past.

But also there is no country that has been more ruthlessly spoiled in parts by its industrial deformities, by its frequent disregard of its own beauties, and by its blindness to its future needs. The national love of independence has led anybody to do almost anything he liked, without a proper consciousness of his duty to the community around him and the nation to which he belongs. Happily there are most encouraging signs that that spirit is passing.

Regional Planning

No doubt a new spirit is to be seen in many counties. As an instance deserving general attention the up-to-date doings of the county of Kent may be taken. Kent is one of the gateways of England, historically renowned. It has much that should make it self-conscious as a county; and in the best of ways it is becoming wisely self-conscious. Proofs of this state of mind may be seen in two reports of doings in the county last year. One is the West Kent Joint Regional Planning Report; another is the Kent Rural Community Council's Report.

The Regional Planning Report shows how 25 local authorities in three counties (chiefly Kent and Surrey, but some in Sussex) have jointly considered how best to develop their part of England while preserving the typical features in which they delight.

Saving the Woodlands

The Report begins by dealing with the productiveness by which men must secure a living. Each district is urged, in conjunction with neighbouring districts, to allocate its different kinds of land to the most suitable purposes: some for industrial enterprise, some for agriculture, some as residential sites, some for health and recreation, while whatever is historical or is typical of rural English charm shall be skilfully preserved.

There should, it is urged, be safeguards against the blight of ugly building by people who know no better. Woodlands should be saved and extended. Transport should be scientifically arranged. Clearly what is needed is that every local authority in this region should, before taking any action, consult this most competent Joint Committee.

A Strong County Feeling

The Community Council's Annual Report on what is being done in Kent to unify and brighten village life is a delightful example of hopeful organisation. Thirty-four official and voluntary agencies are represented on the Council, and the Council works through eight committees. Some of its principal purposes have financial support from the Carnegie Trustees until they can become self-sustained. The range of activities includes the stimulation of village interest in the drama and music, the provision of village halls, the recording of village history, the starting of suitable village industries, the study of public health, the arousing of interest in county events, and even such interchanges of information as will help in arranging cricket matches and in preventing the dates of local exhibitions from clashing.

In this work of vivifying rural life all social grades are combined, and the general effect undoubtedly is that in Kent, at any rate, a strong county feeling is being successfully promoted

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KITCHENER

HIS LAST GOOD-BYE

A Little Talk With One Who Knew Him Very Well

AS THE FRENCH SAW HIM

We do not know if this story has been told before, but we believe it is new; it has reached the C.N. from a source that cannot be denied.

It was Lord Kitchener's last call at Buckingham Palace, and he was saying good-bye to the King.

"I am quite looking forward to this trip, sir," said he; "I think I shall read Grimm's Fairy Tales."

Grim, indeed, was the tale we were soon to read, but not, alas! a fairy tale.

An Old Friend

It happens, too, that we have received some notes on Lord Kitchener from a French correspondent who has been talking with a great friend of Kitchener. The following is the account of the conversation sent to us by our French contributor.

"I knew him for forty years," said the lady; "are you interested in him?"

"I am, indeed," I answered. "Who is not?"

But instead of letting me hear what she knew of Lord Kitchener she wished me first to say what I, a French girl, thought of her old friend.

A Memory of the Loire

"Well," I said, "to English people Kitchener is probably above all the man who conquered the Sudan. To the whole world he is a hero of the Great War who perished tragically, a victim of his mission. But to us French people, sentimental as we are, Kitchener is before anything else the man who offered us his services during the Franco-Prussian War, the soldier who fought side by side with our soldiers in the Army of the Loire, giving us the free and voluntary aid of his life when his country had no part in the war.

"Now, to me personally Kitchener means action. If I happen to think of him he is as a spur to my inertia; I feel keener in my purposes, quicker in my realisations. I never saw him, but I believe those who did must have felt stronger for it."

Then I appealed to my neighbour.

"Do you know anything of his childhood?" I asked. "What sort of a boy was he?"

A Lesson Well Learned

"Well," the lady answered, "Kitchener was a very ordinary sort of boy Nobody could have guessed what a brilliant future lay in store for him. He was even a lazy boy and he had to regret it. Colonel Kitchener, his father, anxious at finding his son slack at his studies, said to the boy one day that if he did not get through the next exam he would be sent to the village girls' school. The boy did not believe it. He did not mend his ways; he failed at the examination, and to the girls' school he had to go.

However, if the child was not very diligent he was more thorough than anyone else; the lesson was learned so deeply that its effect lasted. When he returned home he went straight to his dictionary and struck the word Impossible out of it. He never allowed it to exist any longer, either for himself or others. This is why they often called him hard."

Many stories have been told of Kitchener on this subject. Here is one of them. During the war in the Sudan a hospital ship had just been fitted out for the wounded. The boats were usually towed along the bank in that country. The officer in charge of the hospital ship wired to Kitchener: "Further progress impossible owing to bush on river-bank." And Kitchener calmly wired back: "Cut down bush." It

Continued from the previous column

was done accordingly, and the vessel reached its destination.

"What Kitchener expected of others," his lady friend went on, "he expected of himself. What he forbade others he forbade himself. So came that far-reaching energy which glowed around him with a magic influence; so came his title of the Man of the Iron Will. Alas, poor friend! He did not know what tragedy lay in store for him. He intended to marry when the war was over and to go to Khartoum, his beloved town, for which he had great plans. Yes; Kitchener was called hard, but his friends well know he had a great heart and they are all of them better for having known him."

THE NEW WORLD COMING

Clearing the Way For It

LEAGUE OF NATIONS AND THE ROSE-TREE

Some of the work of the League of Nations comes very near home to us when it deals with our own national flower; and actually one of the daily official documents published in July has rose-trees, roots, and shoots as part of its subject-matter.

We remember the World Economic Conference called by the League last year and the urgent demand then made for clearing away some of the obstacles which prevent trade from flowing freely from one country to another. Such a big change in world affairs can only be accomplished bit by bit, but the League set about beginning on one bit without waste of time.

Pet Prohibitions

It called upon countries to meet together to find out what they could agree to do about abolishing a number of prohibitions and restrictions which have been placed by certain countries on goods passing their borders. One such prohibition is that placed by Great Britain on dyestuffs. The reason for such a prohibition is to protect a growing British industry, but a larger view, held by all world experts, is that such protection is a grave disadvantage to any country which exercises it and, in the long run, injures its trade and brings loss of prosperity.

The conference for the purpose of agreeing to do away with these prohibitions sat for several weeks last autumn, but agreement was very hard to reach. So many countries wanted to reserve to themselves the right to maintain their own pet prohibitions that all that could be done was to draw up an agreement for total abolition, with a number of exceptions, and to ask delegates to go home and reconsider the matter. They have now met again in Geneva, and many of them have withdrawn the requests for exemption, leaving now only a comparatively small number of exceptions to the agreement for total abolition.

The New Convention

The convention as it stands now, when accepted by the required number of 28 States, will come into force on New Year's Day, 1930, and within six months of that date all prohibitions and restrictions on imports and exports, amounting to hundreds, must be abolished, with the exception of those recognised by the convention.

Of these exceptions quite half are of slight importance as regards world trade—the export, for example, of pine resin for Portugal and eggs for Egypt.

A certain number of prohibitions are authorised temporarily by the convention which the States concerned undertake to remove as soon as possible. These include the import of dyestuffs for Britain, the export of hop shoots for Czecho-Slovakia, and of rose-trees, roots, and shoots for Bulgaria.

FOLLOWING A MAN WHO NEVER LIVED

One of the most novel compliments to genius is surely that which is being paid this summer to Don Quixote, that masterpiece of Cervantes.

Tours are being conducted over the route followed by the beloved, fantastic knight and his squire, so that at each stopping-place the tourists may be told Here he charged the windmills; Here he overcame the barber, took his basin, and found it a magic helmet; Here he had his battle with the sheep, and so on.

Undying Dream-Figures

Now, although we all, young and old, love and laugh at Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, his half-doltish, half-inspired attendant, we know that the two figures, immortal as any in Homer and Shakespeare, never lived outside the brain of an author who died 312 years ago, a man who lost an arm at the Battle of Lepanto, began his priceless novel in a Barbary prison, and helped to fit out the Spanish Armada against Shakespeare's England. Yet visitors from all lands are gravely making pilgrimage over the ground which these undying dream-figures are supposed to have traversed.

What a triumph of imagination this is, to create two characters and make them live as real and vivid as our actual Prince Hal and his overshadowing dream-companion Falstaff. Cervantes is enshrined for ever with the greatest of mankind because in his dismal prison cell two incomparable figures were born in his brain and marched on to paper vivid and deathless.

Ajax and Don Quixote

Yet Cervantes did not create all his situations. The famous one in which Don Quixote wages war against sheep in mistake for evil characters comes from the classical Greek. Homer, in the Iliad, shows us Ajax bitterly humiliated at his defeat in debate by Ulysses in the contest for the armour of dead Achilles.

Sophocles, 500 years later, takes up Homer's unfinished tale, shows us Ajax maddened by the gods he has flouted, and makes him in his frenzy slay sheep and cattle in mistake for human rivals, and imprison a ram which he believes to be Ulysses, with intent to kill him.

Ulysses and Sindbad

That is the origin of Don Quixote's adventure with the sheep. What an inexhaustible source of inspiration the old legends are! The third voyage of Sindbad the Sailor, in which he and his companions reach the island of one-eyed giants, who eat his comrades, is simply the adventure of Ulysses and his wrecked mariners with the one-eyed cannibal Cyclops, complete even to the hurling of rocks by the giant the fleeing hero has blinded.

If the Arabian Nights borrowed the giant from Homer, perhaps Swift borrowed from the Arabian Nights the human midgets who captured Gulliver in his travels, for hordes of tiny human beings, only 24 inches high, swarm over the ship of Sindbad, drag him and his craft ashore, and deliver all to the black-skinned giant waiting to eat them.

It is said that all the world's jokes come from seven original jokes, and it is so with plots.

LONDON'S PEOPLE

The population of Greater London has increased by more than two millions since the L.C.C. came into existence about 40 years ago.

All that time Londoners have been spreading outward. In the 30 years between the censuses of 1891 and 1921 the population of Inner London has been reduced from 1,580,000 to 1,267,000 while Outer London has increased from 4,055,000 to 6,213,000.

GREAT CRACK IN A GLACIER

A Danger in Switzerland

AN AVALANCHE OF LONG AGO

The mountain pathway up from Kandersteg to the Gemmi Pass in the Bernese Oberland is threatened with a huge avalanche of ice from the Altels Glacier above.

Such an avalanche occurred over a generation ago, when a mass of ice, believed to weigh five million tons, shot into the valley at a speed of 300 miles an hour from the mountainside nearly 5000 feet above. The avalanche hurled men and cattle and chalets through the air like leaves and flattened out the Forest of Arvenwald, while ice fragments rose like foam 1500 feet up the opposite side of the valley. Six men and 150 cattle were killed. It has been calculated that the falling ice and other material was enough to bury the whole of Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens over the head of the tallest man.

We know that the lower ends of glaciers, where they melt, advance or recede according to temperature. This usually happens in a quiet valley and does not matter. But the lower end of the Altels Glacier, a gleaming wall of ice 200 feet high, emerges high up on the mountainside, so that if it is melting more slowly than usual it creeps out into space till a great lump of it breaks off.

There is danger of its being so again this summer, but the ice is being measured carefully, and the people in the valley below have been warned. A great crack has appeared in the glacier.

GRANDFATHER'S DOG

Why They Brought Him Back

When a savage dog attacks someone it is usual for a magistrate to order that he be kept under control, and when the dog sins again the magistrate usually orders that he be destroyed.

The other day two men were summoned for keeping a ferocious dog, and the magistrate found that two months before he had ordered its death unless the owner could keep it under control. Now it had knocked down a man who came to paint the house—not, as the dog thought, to burgle it. The painter was angry, the police were angry, and the dog seemed doomed to die.

But the owner explained that after the dog had made his first appearance in the police court he had been sent away. Then the owner's grandfather, who loved the dog, had a serious illness, and all the time he kept asking for the animal. They were obliged to bring the dog back to be a companion to him. He then recovered.

The grandfather is 85. The magistrate dismissed the summons against him, and imposed a small fine on his grandson.

As for the dog, we hope he has turned over a new leaf and is wearing a muzzle is case his good resolutions break down.

HOW TO KEEP COOL

During the heat-wave Captain de Havilland the airman took his wife on a journey which cooled them both down 107 degrees in 70 minutes.

On the ground at the Stag Lane Aerodrome the thermometer stood at 80 degrees. When they were at the top of their flight, some four miles above ground, the plane's thermometer registered 27 degrees below freezing.

The height barometer at the same time registered between 21,000 and 22,000 feet. Airmen have climbed higher, but this is the "ceiling," as airmen call it, for the Gypsy-Moth aeroplane in which the two people climbed above the clouds.

They took an hour and ten minutes to scale these heights; they glided down in a quarter of an hour.

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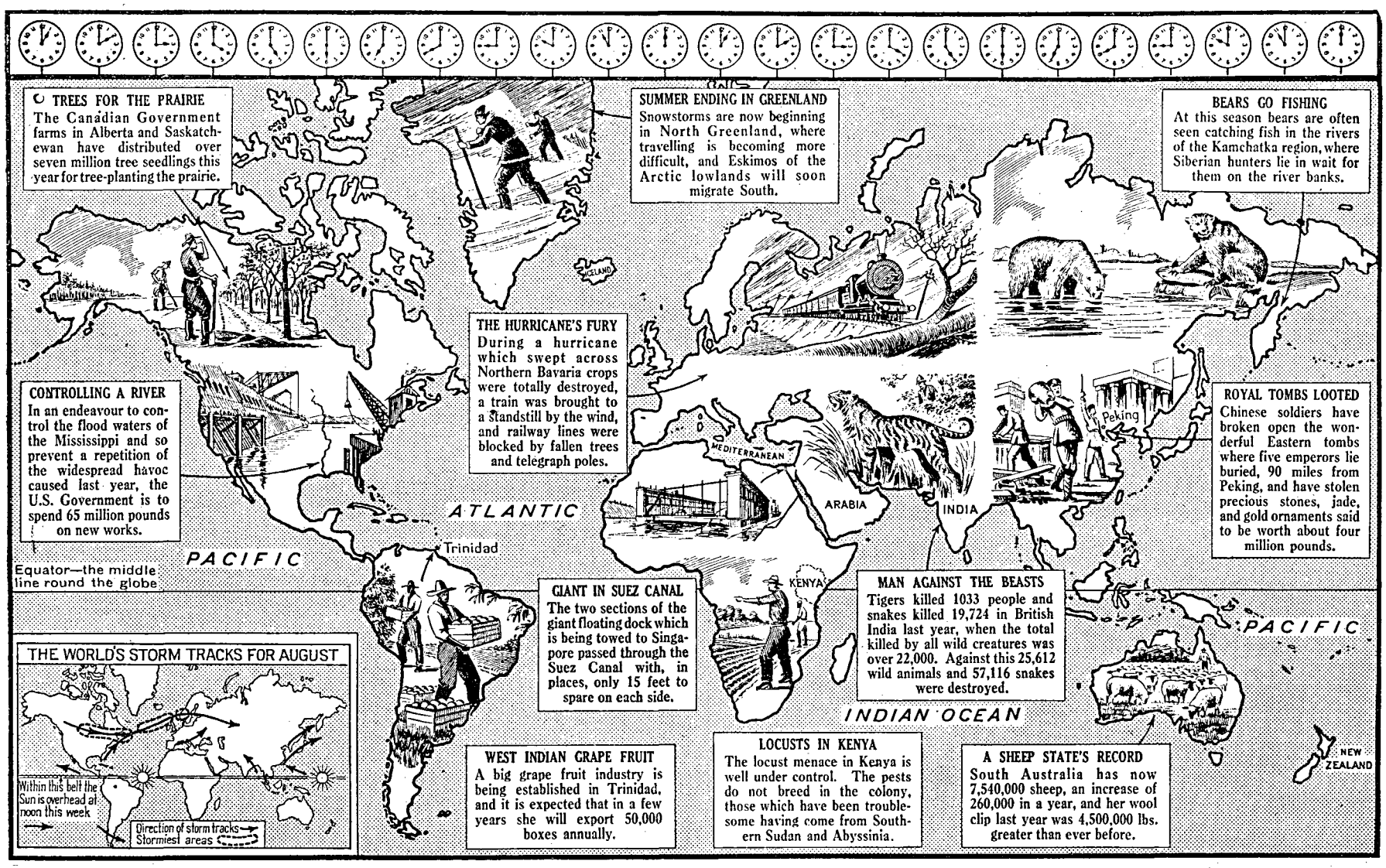
PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



THE THAMES FLOOD
How the Relief Money Was Spent

The Mayor of Westminster has issued an account of the money collected and spent to aid the victims of the Thames flood last winter.

The subscriptions reached over £30,000, and after all the necessary help was given, £6000 remained in hand at the end of March. It was decided to devote this to providing holidays for poor Westminster children.

Half the fund was spent in making good the losses of household effects. Over £1000 was spent on blankets and sheets, a similar sum on clothing, and about twice as much on structural repairs. Lost or damaged pianos, gramophones, and wireless sets accounted for another £1000, and another £1000 went in hot meals, bread, meat, coal, and lodgings.

THE COFFIN SHIP
War's Peace-Time Disasters

Yet another peace-time disaster to a naval submarine has to be recorded, this time from Italy.

The submarine, with about 30 men on board, was rammed by a destroyer during exercises near Pola, in the Adriatic, and sank in 130 feet of water.

The efforts at rescue seem to have been prompt and efficient. A seaplane discovered her position, and divers were sent down. Telephone communication was established and an air-pipe and pumping apparatus were adjusted. Then large chains were attached and cables passed under her hull.

She was raised to the surface within 34 hours after the collision, but some hours before that messages from the crew had ceased; and when the submarine was opened it was found that all the men had been suffocated by poisonous gas.

When we are civilised we shall leave off asking people to man and manoeuvre these coffin ships of destruction.

NEW SKULLS FOR OLD
Sixty Inches of Substitute

A Toronto electrician is now driving about his native city in his own motor-car with a skull that can scarcely be said to belong to him.

While at the Toronto power-station he received a shock of several thousand volts and was picked up for dead with a severely damaged skull.

Six days he lay unconscious, and in that time the hospital surgeon, Mr. R. E. Gaby, knowing that the man could not live with such a skull even if he ever regained consciousness, set himself to effect repairs on it.

Sixty square inches of bone were removed bit by bit and replaced with a chemical cement of great toughness. Skin from the man's thigh was grafted over the fractures.

The man, Mr. Norman Ellis, recovered, and may live for many years yet, though another blow would be fatal.

There is no skull like one's own skull, but the surgeon can sometimes perform miracles in providing a substitute.

FIVE MILLION MEN'S WAGES
What Europe Pays America

An American delegate at an international Labour conference the other day pointed out that 40 Governments now owe money to America on which the interest alone represents the wages of five million men.

Of course he was right in declaring that so vast a debt could never be paid. Some day America will realise that it is not to her interest that it should be.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Andromeda . . .	An-**drom**-e-dah
Carnegie	Car-**ne**-ge
Kossuth	**Kosh**-oot
Ulysses	U-**lis**-eez

MRS. TABBY
Older than Christianity

If it is not of tremendous importance yet it is a human and interesting fact which has recently been proved by Dr. Fremersdorf.

On behalf of the Cologne Museum he has been excavating the remains of a Roman homestead in the Rhine Valley. The landowner's house must have been an imposing sight, for it had a frontage of 160 feet and contained 30 apartments. There were farm buildings attached and a cemetery with Roman tombs.

Besides cups, plates, and the like, he found the skeletons of dogs and cats. Hitherto the bones of cats found in Germany have only dated back to the sixth and seventh centuries, but this Roman mansion was built about 400 years before Christ.

It is pleasant to think of the old Roman colonist sitting under his pillared verandah looking at the Rhine and dreaming of the Tiber while he stroked a purring cat. Puss must have come with him, for the wild cats of the German forests were not to be tamed.

A PRISON MIRACLE
From Highwayman to Lawyer

Few men become better citizens for fifteen years' penal servitude, but it is recorded that a man who went into the Maryland State prison a highwayman came out of it a lawyer.

During those long years of imprisonment George Davis, a Negro, saved £310 to repay the man he had robbed, secured a patent for an invention in connection with a petrol motor, and took a course of lessons in law.

Now he is to sit for the Federal Bar examination, and if he passes he will be entitled to practise in any Federal court in the United States.

LAST WORDS OF INDIA'S FIRST PRIVY COUNCILLOR
A Plea for the Jungle Folk

Ameer Ali has written the last words he will ever address to the world, and they appeal for mercy for the animals of India. This letter and the announcement of his death appeared on the same day.

Throughout the Moslem world people looked up to Ameer Ali as a great leader. He was born in India in 1849, but he came of Arab stock and claimed direct descent from Mohammed. After studying at the Inner Temple he practised as a lawyer in Calcutta, became a judge, and was the first Indian to be raised to the rank of Privy Councillor.

When he was only 24 he wrote a critical examination of the life and teachings of Mohammed which won much praise, not least for its faultless English. He followed it by a valuable history of the Saracens and other books on Moslem thought. It has been said of him that he has won a permanent place in English literature as an interpreter of Islam.

His last words deserve a careful hearing. He says that a Game Preservation Department for British India is now absolutely necessary.

More people than ever are allowed firearms, game laws and close seasons are set at naught, and animals are slaughtered even in Government reserves. "India has a matchless fauna," says Mr. Ameer Ali, "but unless the public conscience is aroused and drastic measures are taken it is doomed to extinction. No reasonable man desires to preserve animal life, tame or wild, at the expense of human beings. Equally no person of ordinary intelligence and humanity can view with approval the indiscriminate destruction of game for display or for profit."

Let us hope that this last word for the jungle folk has not been said in vain.

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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER
AUGUST 25 ❁ ❁ 1928

Some Dreams Come True

IN the clear loveliness of some of the days of the July summer, old London sometimes surprised us all by the way her roofs and streets and open spaces came out in their true colours. The dome of St. Paul's, floating against the blue sky, the bus-top vistas of Whitehall or Piccadilly in the evening light, and the curve of the Thames from Blackfriars to Westminster became part of a city of dreams.

Christopher Wren and Inigo Jones and John Rennie, and all the other architects who gave their dreams to London, would have seen them then as they hoped they would be.

In the last days of that summer-like July one of the dreams long cherished came true. Charing Cross Bridge received its marching orders; and Waterloo Bridge, which was like a fair Andromeda that had to be sacrificed to that monster, is to stay. The Londoner can smile to himself now when he thinks that if the meddlesome and soulless busybodies had not found an excuse to pull Waterloo Bridge down Charing Cross would still have a long lease to run.

It was no smiling matter when the busybodies first revealed their plans for the further disfigurement of London. A four-years battle has had to be waged to save Waterloo Bridge, but in saving it the defenders have done more. They have planted firmly the flower of beauty on the southern side of the Thames.

Such little things seem to decide the fate of this great, beloved, sprawling London of ours. A crack in an arch of Waterloo and Charing Cross Bridge comes down. Out of the dust of its fall is to rise a bridge which will be the glory of its day.

But the story goes farther back. By only one vote the London County Council decided to move their Council House to the south bank of the Thames. Long ago that one vote sealed the south side's future. Doomed as it had seemed to a squalid frontage of wharves and warehouses, distilleries and breweries, it can now look forward to a day when it will be an embankment of gardens and trees, with fine buildings behind them. The Council House's influence will spread from Westminster to the Pool of London.

If such dreams are coming true, what may we not venture to dream of the London of the future? We may dream the slums away. We may dream wide avenues where now are choked and narrow thoroughfares. We may even dream the smoke and fearsome clatter away and see a city beautiful with cleanliness and godliness.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world

Two Ways in Hotels

MOST of us are familiar with the notes printed on our bills asking that any complaints of discourtesy shall be reported. A story of another kind is told by an Englishman just returned from America.

On leaving his hotel he was interested to read a request at the foot of his bill that the management would be obliged if outstanding *courtesies* by any members of the staff were reported so that a note could be made for promotion purposes.

Perhaps it is that in this country we take courtesy for granted, but the American way is original, and a little refreshing.

❁

Flouting the Home Secretary

THAT was a pathetic plea by one of our public speakers who said the other day:

This Iron Age does produce vehicles that run quietly. Why in the name of commonsense do not those in authority insist on their use?

The answer is that the quiet vehicle is not used because Governments act only as we make them, and not enough people care. We notice that our energetic Home Secretary declares he has done all in his power to stop the noise of motor-cycles. We cannot believe Sir William. We are quite certain it is in his power to stop his authority being flouted every day in every street. It is hardly possible to walk in a street or a lane and not hear the piercing screech of a hooligan on wheels. We hear it every day, as every policeman does, but in spite of all the Home Secretary's speeches the police look on and the hooligan goes his way.

❁

A Letter Home

THE news from China is still obscure; we rise from the newspaper rather bewildered about it. How hard it is for us to understand the Chinese! A true story comes our way.

A missionary was sending off a mail to Peking, and asked a Chinese schoolmaster whether he would not like to send any letters with the mail.

"Yes," said the schoolmaster, after a moment's thought. "I ought to send a letter to my old mother. It must be four years since I wrote her."

"Then you must write at once; she will be longing to hear," the missionary said. Calling to one of his small pupils, the schoolmaster said, "Get your writing brush and write a letter to my mother from me." The child obeyed and soon produced a letter sealed up.

The missionary was amazed to see that the schoolmaster was not going to read it. "But why should I read it?" said he. "This child knows what he is about, and is sure to have used the proper words!"

Peter's Worst Yet

We have punished Peter Puck severely for this note, which the Editor found on his desk the other morning.

SOME of our friends the other day were discussing the wonders of science in ancient times. One said "The Egyptians used to wear teeth made of wood." Another retorted, "Well, let's hope their bark was worse than their bite!" A third dreamily speculated, "I wonder if it affected the *timbre* of their voices."

Peter Puck wants to know if you twig his meaning.

❁

Tip-Cat

A SCIENTIST says a gorilla's teeth are so fast in that they can't be pulled out. He does not know our dentist.

⊡

A TOWNSMAN thinks people who live in the country do not miss much. There is so little for them to aim at.

⊡

AFTER a dinner given in his honour a retiring local official refused to make a speech. Simply because he was retiring.

⊡

MUSSOLINI has decided to abolish the fly. Good luck to him.

⊡

MEN have more instinct in present-giving than women. Women are more taking.

⊡

NEARLY a million adults in England cannot read. And there are more books than that which are not worth reading.

⊡

ACCORDING to a writer, you need two things to make a party go—food and drink. But it is hard to get stuff so bad as all that.

⊡

A LADY remarks that the proper wearing of clothes is governed by many points. Pin points?

⊡

MR. HENRY FORD, we are told, began his career without shoes. He did not need them till he got on his feet.

⊡

A WELL-KNOWN man thinks it better to like bad pictures than not to like any pictures. Eggs are different.

⊡

THE early Briton is said to have played a game like golf. We are still trying to find his missing links.

Peter Puck Wants to Know

If his girl gardener is his landlady.

❁

The Lord Bless and Keep Thee

With the gladness that knoweth no decay,
With the riches that cannot pass away,
With the sunshine that makes an endless day:
Thus may He bless thee.

With the all-covering shadow of His wings,
And the strong love that guards from evil things,
With the sure power that safe to glory brings:
Thus may He keep thee.

The Place to Stay Away From

It is proposed to turn 400 acres of downland near Brighton into a motor-racing track and to turn out the sheep-keeping tenants of the land.

I wandered lonely as a cloud
Across the Sussex downland fair
When suddenly a fierce and loud
And raucous racket rent the air—
A sound of air raid, bomb, and gun,
A sound to deafen, scare, and stun.

I climbed the hill, and saw beneath
Where once a peaceful dale had been
With hawthorn bough and cowslip wreath
And flocks star-scattered on the green—
Instead of this I saw, alack!
A monster motor-racing track.

Now goggled, padded idiots sped
Where once the gipsy boiled his tea,
Exhaust and engine roared instead
Of nightingale or lark and bee.
The thyme-sweet air we loved to taste
Carbon monoxide fumes replaced.

We fly the noise of London Town,
We save our money for hotels,
In vain—if on a Sussex down
We find the city's sounds and smells!
Well, I for one will go and pack,
And, Brighton, I shall not come back.

❁

The Happy Tortoise

WE have heard a delightful story of somebody who believes in the brotherhood of all living things and has therefore a tender heart for the tiny beings sharing the world with us. She was going down the Brompton Road and saw a hawker selling a solitary tortoise.

"There you are, lady," said the hawker. "He will eat all your slugs and beetles for you."

The lady knew quite well that he would not, but she was not thinking of that. She could not bear to think of the tortoise there, alone and unhappy amid the noises of London, when he might be hidden somewhere in deep grass. Yet she was perplexed, for she had nowhere to put him, and she was going to a friend's house.

She bought him all the same, and walked on a little way, the tortoise in her hand. Then she suddenly smiled and hailed a horse cab.

The man drove up to the kerb and waited for the lady to get in. She put the little tortoise on the seat and closed the door.

"I want you to drive as near the Serpentine as you can and put your passenger down there," said the lady.

The little tortoise went for a stately drive into Hyde Park and shivered inside his shell when someone picked him up again. Then he found himself in a bed of grass, alone, surprised, and happy, and Cabby went back to his stand, chuckling, with another good story to tell.

❁

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

SWEET lavender is now being harvested in Surrey.

THE Canadian harvest has found work for ten thousand idle men.

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THE GREAT PIE OF DENBY DALE

FOUR TONS OF SOMETHING TO EAT

Why They Made It and What Happened

ITS PLACE IN HISTORY

The little hamlet of Denby Dale has made another pie.

From time to time in the history of the world this little village has stopped listening to the trains from Huddersfield going over the viaduct and made a pie. It was always on a great occasion, such as a queen's jubilee, or the signing of Peace, or the repeal of a wicked law, that the pie-dish was got out. Someone made the villagers see that the Huddersfield Infirmary could have a great occasion, and so Denby Dale has made another pie.

The world at large cannot possibly know what it means when Denby Dale makes a pie—the thrills, the breathless moments, the wonder whether one end will walk away when the other end is opened, or give out such a powerful odour that the waiting crowds will stampede and go elsewhere to dine. Will the dish break through the platform built for it, and the pie be trampled into the mire by hundreds of people scooping at it with spoons?

Expecting the World's Wonder

These things have happened to Denby Dale pies, but the village always rises in a spirit of hope and faith to make another, expecting the world's wonder. The world's wonder it generally is, though not always in the nature of a pie.

Thousands of people were ready for it in the fields of Denby Dale when it was announced the pie was due out of the oven. The news of its contents had made the mouth water. The dish contained a trifle of 4200 pounds of meat and 1792 pounds of potatoes. It had been watched all night, and wound out of the oven on winches so that the cooks could see it was all baking at once. Then, at breakfast-time the women came staggering along with the crust.

The Making of the Crust

No one knows what it means to put a crust on a Denby Dale pie. To make it 1120 pounds of flour had been used, 336 of lard, and 28 of baking powder. (A C.N. reader who is good at her sums will be able to work out the baking powder in teaspoonfuls, and say if it was all right.) The crust was brought along in sections five feet long and one foot wide. After an hour's exceedingly heated labour the crust was put on without any one falling into the pie, and the winches set to work again putting the four-ton pie into the oven.

Pie cutting was timed for 2.30, and at 2 o'clock someone began breaking down the bricks of the front of the oven. The lorry was ready on a level with the oven floor. Then the trouble began. The pie stuck. For three-quarters of an hour the Dalesmen worked with crowbars and jacks. Then, inch by inch, it yielded. It was dragged on to the lorry, and the procession started, with the band playing in front and the unwilling pie giving out clouds of steam where the crust had been broken while it was refusing to come out.

When the Pie Was Opened

The people had been hungry at 2.30. They were hungrier at 3.30 when the pie was opened. It was served out with enormous scoops into zinc baths, and these were carried by strong men to the great tables. Then it was served.

It was a great day. The pie was a pie, after all, and it was very good. Its selling has enriched the coffers of Huddersfield Infirmary; it gave thousands of people a jolly day; and it has upheld the honour of Denby Dale. It will doubtless go down in history as the pie that stuck.

CONQUERING THE KALAHARI

AMONG Africa's barriers, the Kalahari Desert of Bechuanaland has an evil reputation for wrecking the hopes of the South African farmers and trekkers. Many a brave pioneer has been beaten by it. Now the Kalahari is being beaten by the bus.

Waterless waste and malarial swamp were the defences and the offences of the Kalahari. In the last thirty years it has put up a new one. The Okawengo River, which like many African waterways trickles on and on till it loses itself in a lake or ends dismally in a swamp, began to fail. Among the hills north of Khama's country Lake Ngami also began to dwindle.

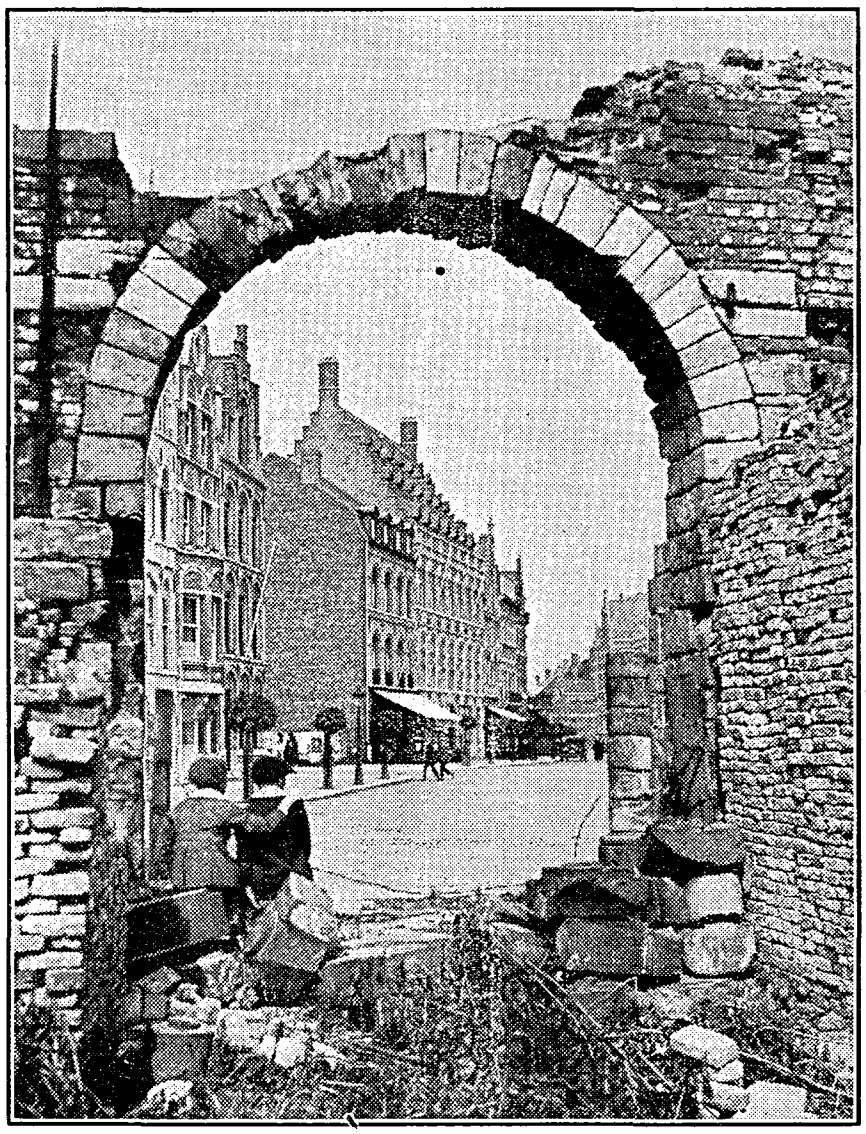
Were even the swamps to fail, leaving the Kalahari nothing but desert?

No; the motor-omnibus is converting the disaster into a blessing. Already to the south of the Kalahari motor-omnibuses covering a thousand miles of route in the desert country have brought the produce of isolated farms to where the railroad ends. Along the iron road it goes to Vryburg and Johannesburg.

Now the motor-bus is threatening the northern part of the desert as well. Here, when the waters of the swamp receded and the ground dried up, the malarial mosquitoes went, too, and the ground, which was thick with the accumulated mud of centuries, was found to be excellent for crops.

Shortly the northern Kalahari will blossom—not like the rose, but with the white puffs of the cotton plant.

YPRES RISES AGAIN



Visitors to the battlefields are agreeably surprised to see how many of the towns which were reduced to mere heaps of bricks and dust in the war have risen again from the ruins. Here we have a glimpse at the new Ypres through an arch of the old Cloth Hall, which is to be left in its ruined state.

A DUTCH DOG WAGS HIS TAIL

IF only dogs could read newspapers tails would be wagging all over Holland.

In that country dogs are employed to drag carts, and almost the first thing a foreigner does when he arrives in the realm of Queen Wilhelmina is to buy a picture postcard of a dog drawing a load of milk cans. It seems to him a quaint and amusing sight.

But Baron Van Ittersum has organised a campaign against the use of dogs as drawing animals, and a great many Dutchmen of all classes are on his side.

People do not object to using dogs purely from kindness of heart. Motorists complain that they are the most dangerous things on the road. A tired or frightened dog will steer a zigzag course, and motorists who swerve to avoid them run the risk of skidding or, even worse, of knocking down a pedestrian.

Then there is the dog's point of view to consider. We do not for one moment suggest that most of the dogs are overloaded and cruelly beaten. But we are certain no dog wags his tail when he sees his harness taken down.

Dogs are cheap to buy, and easier to feed and house than donkeys, and so some people go on using them, but the new campaign may persuade even these people to change the poor, picturesque dog for the tireless, unromantic motor-bicycle and sidecar. It will be a pity from the point of view of the postcard-seller, but the dogs will be quite content to disappear from his wares. After all, Holland has her windmills, her fishing-boats, her tulips, and her pretty maidens in charming dresses. She can well afford to do without the quaint but rather sad sight of the draught dog.

A TREASURE HUNT IN THE OCEAN BED

THE MISSING DIAMONDS

Dramatic Story of a Chest and a Million Pounds

A MARVELLOUS FEAT

Eleven years ago, when the German submarines were at the height of their activity, the Belgian steamer Elizabethville approached the coast of France bearing, in addition to other cargo, 13,000 carats of diamonds which she had brought from the Congo. They were worth over a million pounds.

She mounted two guns, for defence against U-boats, but before she could use either a torpedo sent her to the bottom, 12 miles off Belle Ile. There she has lain till now, when the glittering treasure she carried has lured men down to her bed in the sea ooze.

The Divers Go Down

The conditions under which the divers have been conducting their search seem to fit perfectly the prescription for the ideal story of treasure hunting. The treasure is in the shattered vessel but, in accordance with the rules of the best fiction, the only man who knew its exact hiding-place is dead. A chest, which should have housed the precious stones, lay rusty and defiant in the ship, but the lock is jammed and the key gone. The accident which brought this about occurred before the ship sailed to its doom. Were the diamonds in the chest? The sole possessor of the secret can speak no more.

So, with the sea-scene thus set, like the land-scene in the famous story of The Gold Bug, father of all treasure-hunt stories, divers arrive in their salvage ship, don their powerful suits and, each equipped with a mechanical clutching hand, descend by ladder and cable down into the depths, fathom after fathom, till, at a depth of 240 feet, which is 30 feet lower than the long-standing Admiralty record, they touch ground in the sundered Elizabethville.

The Locked Chest

Now, where are the gems—in the strong-room or in the romantic-looking chest with the jammed lock? The bulky dress of the divers prevented the wearers from entering by way of the strong-room door, so an entrance had to be made by dynamite charges, and in the apartment were stored the Elizabethville's shells for submarines. No ill resulted from the dynamite, and the way was clear for a thorough search.

The strong-room yielded nothing of value, but a diver, on looking through a porthole of the captain's cabin, saw the chest lying there. To reach it he had to cut away the ceiling and the metal walls of the cabin; then, by means of tackle let down from above, the heavy chest was hauled up to daylight, to await examination by experts when the lock should at last be forced.

After Eleven Years

The ship itself is practically in two halves, for the torpedo blew the stern off, leaving the forepart of the vessel upright on its keel, so that a safety razor left by some hurried hand on the deck still lay there and was brought to the surface, its gilded surface undamaged after eleven years of immersion.

Mails, guns, shells, all the domestic effects of a city of the sea, are there for recovery. The chest is up and safe; the long story of fast steaming and hasty dissolution into gloom and silence is carried a chapter farther in the daylight.

Three phases of wonder are represented in this drama; the building of the ship to carry diamonds from one continent to another, her sinking by an enemy hiding beneath the surface, and finally the redemption of her contents by methods which constitute a new science in themselves. But the diamonds . . .

LATER. The diamonds? *They were not in the chest.*

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HOMELESS HERONS

A GIANT TREE LIES LOW

The Birds That Rested In Its Great Branches

SAD WELCOME HOME

Stanley Park, at Vancouver, is not the same. The great heron tree has gone. People who have never seen Vancouver were interested in the heron tree, and are sad to think that it lies low.

The heron tree was a giant spruce set on a high wooded ridge in the park. To people sailing in the Narrows it seemed like the mast of a ship rising above the green trees. They looked for it year by year and said, "There is the old heron tree. How nice to see it again."

No one can remember when the herons first nested there. The great spruce was rising proudly on the peaky hill long before the chief forester came to take care of Stanley Park in 1910. It was green and fair and waved in the breeze. It grew strong and bore the winter gales without flinching.

A Bird Village

One year a pair of herons came and nested there. The next year more came. As the seasons went by the spruce became a bird village set high in the clear sky As many as 27 nests were built, so arranged by the birds that no one was immediately above another.

During the winter the birds lived a quiet, restful life down in the tidal shallows. As soon as blustering March began to roar in the wood the herons came back with a most delightful bustle, greeting their old nests as sailors greet the shores of home. They completely changed the look of the tree. Their upright figures decorated the branches in an odd way, as if they were candles on a Christmas tree.

When the baby herons were hatched early in May, the tumult and uproar in that end of Stanley Park were indescribable: so many mothers explaining that their babies were the finest, and commanding the Daddie heron to go at once for more fish. The high road, thick with cars, was just below the forest bluff where the heron tree stood, and many people found the sight far more interesting than those in any Zoo.

The Fateful Decree

Alas! years lie heavy on a tree as they lie on an aged head. The great spruce had long been showing signs of weakening. It was found last year to be rotten at the base, and a danger to pedestrians. The decree went forth from the Parks Committee that the heron tree must be felled. During the winter the axes rang in the forest and the great tree came headlong down.

There was a sad welcome home for the birds. When spring came the herons flew back as usual, circled round and round, and after a bit sat down in the branches of the felled tree, where the remains of the nests still clung. Then one morning, at sunrise, they flew away. They never came back. *Picture on page 12*

BABIES CAUSE A TRAFFIC PROBLEM

Wolverhampton is wondering what to do about its Market Hall. Owing to the increased population with the extended borough and the wider use of the hall, this is no longer satisfactory.

The chief cause of congestion of the traffic seems to lie in the fact that mothers insist on taking their babies into the hall with them, and the babies insist on taking their prams.

We hope that Wolverhampton will decide to build a bigger market, and not ban the babies.

PETER PUCK CALLING

Choosing a Career

PETER PUCK raised his hat to the microphone, opened his mouth wide, and began.

I have been asked to give a little talk (he said) on choosing a career.

Now, many of you will probably say "I don't need any suggestions; I know what I want to be, but I am afraid that all the nicest professions are over-crowded."

Courage, my young friends! There is always room at the top.

I propose to outline briefly a few of the careers which offer the bright boys

and girls of today an opportunity of a brilliant future.

CARPET-BEATING. Let us take carpet-beating first. This should prove an attractive profession to the sports-loving individual, as it only entails a few weeks' work in the spring, and affords one months of leisure for games.

A DUSTMAN'S work is always in season, unlike carpet-beating and grouse shooting, but it is a well-salaried, open-air job, and one that it would repay cigarette card collectors to follow.

Art and Money

ART. Naturally our thoughts turn next to art. This is a delightful career, as it enables you to make everything in a mess without blame. But it is no use going in for art unless you are rich. Also you should be able to draw a bit.

DENTISTRY is a charming profession for a boy with a revengeful nature.

You will need a white coat for yourself, a strait waistcoat for your victims, and a lot of steel spillikins.

CAT FARMING is an ideal occupation for those with a fellow feline for animals. The cats' upper lips should be treated with a good hair oil every night, and then you will be able to get two or three crops of whiskers annually. A good price is readily given for them by radio merchants.

CONFECTIONER. The advantages of following this trade are too obvious to enumerate, but it should only be adopted by those with good digestions.

LION-TAMING. This career would suit any boy or girl who loves glory and can afford to buy a few very tame lions.

The Cream of the Joke

KINEMA PLAYING. For those who dislike early rising this career is unbeatable. A great deal of musical ability is not required, as the pianist need only learn four pieces. There is no picture which cannot be adequately illustrated by Light Cavalry, Parted, The Storm, and the Wedding March. It is also necessary to master the first bars of the National Anthem.

ARCHITECTURE offers scope to a boy or girl with a sense of fun. You can put the larder back to back with the stove, and place steps where people are bound to fall down them, and design a kitchen so small that the cook has to be mangled every morning before she can get into it. And the cream of the joke is that they will have to pay you for your fun.

COMEDIAN. This leads us to the comedian. A successful comic songster earns far more than the Prime Minister, and it is the profession we should recommend to those among you whose desire it is to make money. But it needs exceptional courage. You will have to tell jokes which came over with William the Conqueror as if they came with the morning milk.

CIVIL SERVICE. There is one rather neglected branch of this otherwise overcrowded profession. It hacks up the streets, puts back the pieces, and hacks them up again a week or two later. Those who love change of scene should not embark on it, as it is one of the proudest traditions of the service to take at least six months over each job.

For this profession you will require an outfit consisting of a red neckcloth, a bottle of cold tea, an electric drill, and barriers to keep the public from teasing the animals.

HOPPING. Lastly I would direct your attention to hopping. Quite a lot of money is made each summer by hoppers in Kent and Sussex. Naturally this career is best suited to those who are athletically inclined.

Now my time is up, and my list is exhausted. I might have asked you to consider becoming bull-fighters, schoolmasters, or editors, but I believe you are all too humane.

Let me say in parting that my earnest hope is that this little talk will set many of you on the road to wealth and self-expression.

Good-night, everybody! *Good*-night!

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

The Dutch have placed eight million young salmon in the Rhine this year.

Three men of Poland have left Cracow to ride round the world on horseback.

There was a sprinkling of snow on the hills round Braemar on the last day of July.

Over 2700 London policemen were injured on duty last year, 100 of them by dog bites.

The Litter Lout at Penge

A correspondent who passed through Penge the other night declared that he has never seen a High Street so strewn with litter.

A Visit to Ypres

A toy balloon from Great Wakering, in Essex, deposited itself at the foot of a flagstaff flying the Union Jack at Ypres, in Belgium.

No More Pashas

Governors of Turkish provinces, and other officers of high rank, will no longer be known as Pasha if a Bill to be brought before the Turkish Government is passed.

Still Less Cruelty

The Government of Southern Rhodesia has prohibited the catching of game, except for the London Zoo, on account of the cruelty that has occurred.

The Cold Cupboard

Sitting-rooms in a newly-launched liner to run between Canada and the West Indies are to be kept cool by refrigerating cupboards.

The Distress in South Wales

On account of the unemployment in South Wales the London Education Committee no longer sends boys from industrial schools to work on Welsh farms.

July Sunshine

July this year was the sunniest month in southern England for 17 years, London having 292 hours of sunshine and several towns well over 300 hours.

Rowing Across the Atlantic

Leaving Lisbon on March 3 in a canvas boat 21 feet long, Franz Romer, an officer of the German merchant marine, reached the West Indies after sailing and rowing for five months.

The Proposed Tyne Tube

We are sorry that in publishing a paragraph about a toy railway in Parliament, dealing with a proposal to lay a Kearney railway on the single rail system under the Tyne, we overlooked the fact that the Kearney Tube Railway Bill has been rejected by the Parliamentary Committee.

Continued from the previous column

BRINGING THE STARS TO EARTH

Will a Kind Millionaire Do It For Us?

Though it is well to have been born a happy English child (or, like the hero of H.M.S. Pinafore, in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations, to have remained an Englishman), we sometimes feel a little envious of the way other nations do some things.

There are planetariums, for example. All C.N. readers know about them. They are indoor domes on which people learned in astronomy cause the planets and the stars, or the Sun and Moon, to rise and set and follow their appointed courses, as they do in the heavens above.

On the planetarium's sky their movements can be followed. They can be speeded up or slowed down. The planetarium is a kind of Time Machine which can be made to show the heavenly bodies as they may be tonight, or last night, or tomorrow night, as they were a thousand years ago, or will be in as many years more.

On the Continent

There is no planetarium in England. Our millionaires take no interest in them. We hope it is not because their eyes are never lifted to the skies.

But there are planetariums by the dozen on the Continent. Berlin, Munich, Hamburg, Hanover, Dusseldorf, Leipzig, Stuttgart, Nuremberg, Mannheim, all have them. Holland has them; a rustic town like Franeker has had one for more than a century.

We feel like the children standing outside a shop window on the other side of which are all sorts of wonderful things, and a planetarium would be more useful in cloudy London than anywhere else, because London so seldom sees the real starry skies.

A CITY'S HUNDREDS OF CHIMNEYS

And the Dirt That Pours Out of Them

The Yorkshire towns are determined to get rid of some of their grime.

The West Riding has formed a Regional Smoke Abatement Committee, which has applied for new powers to deal with smoky chimneys, and the Ministry of Health has been holding an inquiry at Bradford.

At present when a manufacturer is summoned for allowing his chimney to smoke he pleads that he has done his best to prevent it, and the law makes that a sufficient defence. The West Riding wants a new law, for it is well known that there are abundant means of preventing smoke for those who are willing to use them.

Bradford alone has 438 industrial chimneys and 1330 furnaces, yet one firm has been prosecuted 70 times in seven years. There should be a way of dealing more effectually with such callous offenders. To many of us it is a familiar sight to see smoke belching forth from a chimney in a great hotel in the Strand while all the chimneys around it are behaving properly.

It is significant that the West Riding movement is opposed by the local chambers of commerce and trade organisations, headed by the Bradford Dyers. Many Town Councils wage a quite hopeless fight against the powerful manufacturing interests, which usually care little for the health and comfort of the townspeople; and we shall probably never get clean towns till the responsibility has been transferred from local to national authorities.

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THE TERRIBLE SHARK

Fish That Will Swallow a Sack of Coke

THE TRAGEDY OF A RAFT

By Our Natural Historian

It has been stated by a well-known naturalist that sharks are not the ferocious creatures most of us suppose them to be. But the records are all against this naturalist, and all against the sharks.

What the fiery tiger is to India, the lion to Africa, the hungry wolf to Northern Europe in the winter, the shark is to tropical seas. Each of these foes has its literature, thrilling and appalling, and none better authenticated than that of the shark. Only two months ago a painful addition to these annals was forthcoming from a point up the Hooghly, forty miles from the sea.

Seized While Bathing

There an Englishman and two English ladies were bathing when the man was suddenly seized by a shark, which bit off the lower part of one of his arms. He fought off the brute, which then turned on one of the women and bit her arm.

The Englishman swam to her rescue, and the two, struggling and fighting with all their strength, managed to reach shallow water and to stumble ashore exhausted.

The truth is that the shark will attack and swallow anything it dare. It is as fierce and voracious as the tiger, but as cowardly as a hyena, until appetite overcomes its native timidity. If it swallows a sack of coke which has fallen overboard, as happened under the eye of the late Frank Bullen, the next moment it will eat a man who is too feeble to defend himself.

Victim After Victim

The book of the shark teems with such instances. In one case the chieftain of one of the Society Islands was passing from one islet to another, accompanied by 32 of his people, in two canoes lashed together. Suddenly a tempest burst upon the little party. The canoes were swamped and smashed, but the natives succeeded in lashing together their remains to form a raft on which they hoped to reach safety. Enfeebling hunger and fatigue descended upon them, and then came sharks. The monsters swam right up to the water-logged raft and seized victim after victim, until only three persons remained. Then the raft, lightened of its excessive burden, rose to the surface and was carried to land.

Unfortunately the testimony on the subject is all too sadly clear and abundant. *Picture on page 12*

THE BILLIARD TABLE TO THE JUNGLE

Good News for Elephants

Ivory, with its great sensitiveness to temperature, is no longer to be used for billiard balls in championship matches. In future the chief games will be played with composition balls made by the chemist and the machine.

When a living part of the elephant ivory serves to transfix a tiger or to uproot a tree, but it is not as good for billiards as the artificial substitute. It splits, it warps, it varies from time to time in size according to variations of temperature. Man has, in this particular, as in many others, improved on Nature, and so far as the game of billiards is concerned the elephant is welcome to his tusks.

THE JOLLY FARMER SEES EUROPE

Many foreigners are at present thronging London, and heartily welcome they are.

They are ardently exploring the treasures of our museums and galleries, where more of our own people ought to be, and it is a little ungracious of one of our papers to poke fun at our visitors taking their way and their guide books through gallery after gallery.

Might not these visitors retort upon ourselves when we in turn visit their capitals and their treasuries of art? Holidays are so brief and rare, and the number of things to be seen so great, that the traveller must inevitably appear to be taking his pleasures with grim sadness.

Uninstructed Sight-Seeing

The chance is perhaps one in a lifetime, and the things sought are so many, the fear of missing any is so great, that we are all apt to overdo it and return with blurred memories where each recollection should be sharp and distinct in the mind.

Sight-seeing to the uninstructed must be almost a torture, where all must be seen and little understood. In the great Art Gallery of the Vatican in Rome certain readers of the C.N. stood spell-bound and breathless before one of the world's masterpieces. A heavy tread sounded behind them, and a hearty but courteous voice asked: "Say, do you mind telling me which of these two pictures is the best?" The speaker was a handsome Canadian farmer, home for a visit to the Motherland for the first time, but making a brief call in Rome before setting foot in England.

Doing His Duty Manfully

He was frank and natural enough to confess that he knew nothing of Art, but he had been told that there were certain galleries he must visit, and he realised how stupendous was the wealth of genius displayed before him. But all the pictures and all the statuary were as a foreign language to him, and he sought from friendly English folk a judgment of the relative values of two pictures! Now one of these pictures was Raphael's greatest work, the other one of doubtful origin and quality.

The hearty farmer was doing his duty manfully, but he was thankful for a hint as to things which he might omit from his list and yet lie down in bed with an easy conscience at nights.

An Odd Chance

Six weeks later one of the party met the same Canadian by an odd chance in South Kensington. The Colonial hailed his English friend with a shout of happy laughter. "In all the world you are the man I most want to see," he said. Flattered at the salutation and preening himself upon the high esteem in which the other held him, the Englishman asked in what way he could be of service, and was quickly brought to earth.

"Well," said the Canadian, "it is Italy over again, only now it is science and these museums. Which dare I miss?"

Here was one of our own cousins doing his duty in two great capitals. Probably many of us appear to have no better inspiration, if we have as great an ardour, when we roam abroad. Let us, then, not be critical of the strangers in our midst, but see in them what others see in us elsewhere.

Last Month's Weather

London		Rainfall	
Hours of sun	290	Ross-on-Wye	1·37 ins.
Total rainfall	2·16 ins.	Dublin	1·45 ins.
Wet days	7	Tynemouth	1·65 ins.
Dry days	24	Liverpool	1·65 ins.
Hottest day	15th	Southampton	1·65 ins.
Coolest day	6th	Edinburgh	1·69 ins.

A CROMWELL SOLDIER'S SON

Praise-God Barebones Junior

THE GOOD WORK HE DID

In the reign of Charles the Second there lived in London a Dr. Nicolas Barbon, who probably altered his surname to escape persecution. It was really Barebones, and his father was the famous soldier of Cromwell who was called Praise-God Barebones.

The Great Plague fell upon London like a rebuke for the evil lives of Charles the Second and his courtiers, and it was followed by the Great Fire, which mercifully destroyed the infected houses and property. The fire stopped the plague, but it ruined many people, and this set Dr. Barbon thinking. The result was the first fire insurance office in the world.

The First Fire Brigade

Dr. Barbon announced that he had started a "business of granting insurance against the risk of fire on buildings." His office was at the back of the Royal Exchange. He engaged a number of watermen and put them in livery, and when people insured their homes Dr. Barbon gave them badges to fix on their houses so that the watermen might know which houses were in their care. He therefore started not only the first fire insurance business but also the first Fire Brigade.

This excellent idea was copied by other men, and in 1699 the second fire insurance company was established at Tom's Coffee House in St. Martin's Lane. It was called the Hand-in-Hand.

The companies kept brigades of watermen to put out fires at insured houses, and each company had its own badge fixed between the first-floor windows.

A collection of these interesting old badges is now on view at the Guildhall. Among the others is Barbon's, a lead emblem showing a phoenix rising from the flames. About a hundred thousand people go to the Guildhall Museum every year, and Londoners could hardly spend a more interesting hour than they can enjoy here.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

In What English Words is H Silent?
In heir, hour, honest, honour, and all their formatives except honorarium.

What Is the Chemical Composition of Slate?
It is a silicate of aluminium and magnesium, but the exact composition varies with different kinds of slate.

When Was the First Railway Season Ticket Issued?
The oldest one known was issued by the London and Greenwich Railway in January, 1837.

Do Crickets Live in a House Where There Are Cockroaches?
Not often; but they are pugnacious insects and are sometimes found where cockroaches also live.

Is the Birch the Farthest North of Trees?
Yes; it grows farther north than any other tree, but as the prevailing climate gets colder the birch attains less and less height till in the northern part of Greenland it is only a stunted bush.

Why Do Lobsters Turn Red When They Are Boiled?
In the shell of a living lobster is a brown colouring matter, and when heat is applied chemical changes take place in it and it becomes red. Curiously enough, the red colouring matter known as haemoglobin in our blood turns brown when it is heated.

Can a Bee Sting More Than Once?
Yes; but it very rarely gets the chance. Its sting is barbed, and when a person is stung he usually removes the bee with such force that the sting is torn away from the bee and left in the hand. If left to itself the bee would probably remove the sting quite safely for use at some future time.

JUPITER DRAWING NEARER

STORMS IN THE CLOUD-BELTS

The Effect of Fiery Cyclones in the Sun

10,000 MILLION YEARS AGO

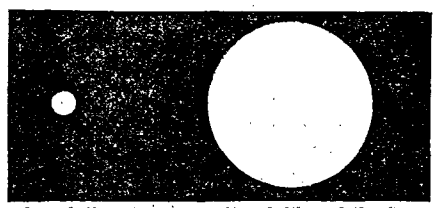
By the C.N. Astronomer

Jupiter is now a splendid luminary in the eastern sky, rising about 10 o'clock. He will be well above the horizon an hour before midnight.

Rising about half an hour earlier each week he will soon be visible throughout the evening, gradually taking the place of the planet Saturn, which is now leaving our evening sky.

While Saturn is receding from us and getting fainter, Jupiter is approaching and becoming brighter. At present he is 425 million miles away; not for a couple of months will he be at his nearest. Jupiter will then be only 369 million miles away and exceptionally near, both to our world and to the Sun. He will be close to perihelion and so 40 million miles nearer to the Sun and to us than when he is at aphelion, or his farthest from the Sun.

Astronomers will therefore have a very favourable opportunity for studying the disturbed and stormy conditions that have been a striking feature of Jupiter's cloud-belts during the last two years. Since these Jovian conditions synchronise on this occasion with a very disturbed and stormy condition on the Sun possibly some perceptible connection between the two sets of phenomena may be discerned.



The relative sizes of Jupiter (left), and the Sun. If Jupiter were as near as the Sun its disc would be visible to the naked eye.

We know that the state of the Sun affects the Earth's weather and it is therefore to be inferred that it affects Jupiter's also.

The recent colossal cyclones of fire that have swept over such large areas of the Sun, and which were so huge as to be visible to the naked eye as sun-spots, produced violent magnetic storms and very intense and extreme weather conditions on our little planet.

An eleven-year cycle of solar disturbances coincides with an eleven-year cycle of terrestrial variation of climate, perceptible in several ways. It will therefore be of great interest if Jupiter gives definite evidence of being influenced by the eleven-year solar cycle.

Before the Earth Was Born

When we gaze at the lustrous orb of Jupiter, a sphere 1300 times the size of our world, it is interesting to reflect upon what was probably the spectacle to an inhabitant of some far-off world many light-years distant, and far back in some remote aeon of Time, say ten thousand million years ago at least. Such an inhabitant peering through a hypothetical telescope of the period would have seen a lovely double-sun, one large and reddish, the other small and bluish or perhaps lilac in tint.

These were the Sun and Jupiter once upon a time. Both were many hundreds of times larger than they are now: Jupiter a white-hot sphere whirling in an enveloping mass of incandescent hydrogen and much hotter than the Sun is now; while the Sun at that period, not so hot as Jupiter, was a colossal whirling sphere of attenuated gas that filled an area larger than the circumference of Mercury's orbit. But this spectacle was presented before the Earth was born.

G. F. M.

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THE CAPTIVE OF THE HILLS

A Serial Story

By T. C. Bridges

CHAPTER 16.
The End of the Shelf

MURDOCH'S three men made a mad rush forward to reach the bottom of the Shelf, but Mr. Bryson stopped them.

"Go quietly," he ordered in their own language. "Kasoro's men haven't seen us," he explained quickly to the others. "They don't know where those shots came from because of the echoes. The chances are they won't dream of anyone coming down the Shelf."

"Baas, him right," put in Forty. "We not let dem know where we be till we hab to."

Bending double and dodging among the rocks, the party gained the lower edge of the Shelf and started up it. Mr. Bryson made Murdoch and his men go first.

"You set the pace," he whispered, "but remember you've a precious long way to go before you reach the top."

"Baas Roger, him sure woke up dem village," remarked Forty in Bart's ear. "But Baas Bryson him right. Dem niggers dey not know where de noise come from."

"It won't be long before they do," Bart answered. "They're bound to spot us on the Shelf. See, they've got torches already."

A huge fire had been lighted in the middle of the kraal, and by its red glare Bart saw men running to and fro, all of them armed with big stabbing spears.

"Dem niggers going to dem pits," said Forty. "Dey not come arter us."

He was right, for a big party were rushing off toward the stockade. Bart's spirits went up with a jump as he realised that Kasoro's people must be thinking that the attack was coming from that direction. They would never dream that anyone knew how to find the hidden entrance to the Shelf. Sooner or later, of course, they would discover the escape of their prisoners and guess what had happened. But meantime every step was taking him and the others nearer to safety.

Murdoch was doing well, keeping up a good, steady pace, and Bart had begun to think they were going to make an easy escape out of what might have been a very nasty mess when a hideous yell rang out from below, a high-pitched shriek that rang and echoed all along the cliff face.

Bart half stopped.

"W-what was that?" he stammered.

"Dat debbil doctor," replied Forty briefly. "Him find our spoor, so now we run."

It was all very well to talk of running; there was not much running left in Murdoch and his poor, half-starved fellows. Bart heard the thud of scores of bare feet on hard earth as Kasoro's men came pouring out in answer to the witch doctor's cry, but they pulled up short at the bottom of the cliff.

"Dem scared," said Forty, "but debbil doctor him soon bring dem along."

The Moon was now up, and though hidden by the tall mountains there was light enough to see the crowd of dark figures at the bottom of the Shelf. The witch doctor ran forward. He called to his men in a harsh, high-pitched voice, and next moment the whole pack came racing up the Shelf.

"Pity dere ain't no rocks to roll on dem fellers," said Forty.

"Don't worry about rocks," said Mr. Bryson curtly. "Push on."

They pushed on, but though they had a long start the tall, active savages gained fast. They raced along the narrow, slippery Shelf as if it were level ground, and Bart saw that they must overtake the party long before they reached the lofty summit of the cliff.

Murdoch's men were panting. One was staggering, and Forty went forward to help him on. If the man slipped nothing could save him from going right to the bottom. Bart grew more and more uneasy, but his father and Murdoch showed no signs of fear, and kept on steadily.

"Dad," said Bart at last, "those beggars will be on us in another two minutes."

His father looked round.

"They are getting pretty close," he allowed. "We must stop them. Bart, let me pass you. The rest of you go on."

As he spoke he stepped cautiously back past Bart, and Bart saw him take something from his pocket and lay it on the ledge close under the cliff.

The black men, seeing that the fugitives had stopped, raised a hoarse shout and came on faster than ever. Bart hesitated, and began to unsling his rifle.

"Get on," said his father, and Bart knew better than to disobey. As he turned he heard a match struck, then a slight hissing sound. He began to run, or as near running as he dared on such a treacherous surface, and as he started he heard his father follow.

A moment later the night was split by a deep roar of sound, a brilliant flash lit the cliff face, and as the darkness shut down again there followed a heavy rumbling.

"And that's that!" remarked Mr. Bryson quietly, as he caught up his son. "That's the end of the Skeleton's Shelf."

"Dynamite?" panted Bart.

"Dynamite," repeated his father. "Better than bullets, eh, Bart? I might have done it sooner, but I wanted to break the Shelf in a place where the damage would be worst, and I marked this spot on the way down." He raised his voice. "All right, Murdoch. Take it easy. There'll be no more chasing tonight."

Below, Kasoro's men howled with fury.

"Dem fellers mad as waspses," remarked Forty with a chuckle. "All same me mighty glad dey ain't got no guns."

"I'm surprised they haven't," said Bart. "Didn't they get yours, Mr. Murdoch?"

"Yes; but Kasoro used up all the cartridges long ago. So we're safe enough for the present."

CHAPTER 17
One Way Out

AT the head of the steps Mr. Bryson stopped.

"Better block this, Murdoch," he said. "There's just the chance those niggers might bridge the gap I blew in the path and follow us."

There was plenty of loose rock, and with all hands working the job took but a few minutes.

"And now for Master Roger," said Mr. Bryson, with a grim edge to his voice.

Outside the tunnel the Moon shone brightly, and Roger, carrrying a gun, came up across the bare rock to meet them.

"I say, I'm jolly glad to see you," he exclaimed.

Mr. Bryson answered harshly.

"Your shots didn't do anything to help us, Norcross. They brought the whole bunch of Kasoro's fighting men on top of us."

"I couldn't help it," said Roger quickly. "A leopard jumped right in on top of us and I had to shoot in a hurry. I got him all right," he added proudly.

Mr. Bryson's expression changed.

"So that was it. Yes, without a fire a leopard might attack. All right, Norcross, I'm glad you got him. Let me introduce you to Mr. Murdoch."

The two shook hands, and Bart saw Murdoch dart an interested glance at the tall youngster in his over-smart clothes. Bart wore a flannel shirt and shorts and soft-soled shoes, but Roger still stuck to breeches and gaiters, a silk shirt, and English boots.

They went on toward the camp.

"Now we'll have a fire and hot supper and a good sleep," said Mr. Bryson.

Murdoch shook his head.

"Three hours' sleep is all we can take. We must march at dawn."

"Why?" demanded Mr. Bryson, plainly surprised.

Murdoch laughed.

"You don't think Kasoro is going to take this lying down, do you?"

"But what can he do? We've smashed his only way of reaching us."

"I'll tell you what he is doing. There are at least a couple of hundred fighting men starting after us this minute."

"But they can't reach us. They will have to go all the way down the valley, and that means a fifty-mile march before they can possibly get here."

"Not fifty," said Murdoch. "Not much more than thirty, and they are all trained men, fit to travel seven to eight miles an hour. It's three now; they'll be here by seven."

A look of dismay crossed Mr. Bryson's face.

"Three hours' sleep," he repeated. "That's not much use to you or your boys, Murdoch."

"Don't worry about us. Marching is easier than hoeing in those mealie fields. Just to know we're not slaves any longer is worth a week's sleep. But don't waste time talking. Let's have a bite of food and make the most of our three hours."

Hot coffee was ready. Murdoch stirred half a can of tinned milk into his, and vowed he had never tasted anything so good. Then he rolled himself in a blanket, lay down, and was asleep in a minute.

Roger turned to Bart.

"Have we got to be up at daybreak again?" he demanded sourly.

"Yes, if we want to save our skins," Bart told him.

"But I've been up all night already, looking after these niggers," grumbled Roger.

"And the rest of us have been up all night hunted by niggers," returned Bart. "Don't grouse, Roger. This will be the last of it. After tomorrow we'll be able to take it easy."

"Serves me right for being fool enough to come to this vile country," growled Roger as he went off to his tent, and Bart sighed.

"Afraid he's a long way still from being cured," he said as he lay down.

It seemed to him that he had hardly closed his eyes before someone was shaking him awake.

"Sun him rise," said the faithful Forty. "We go pretty quick."

By the time Bart had got his kit together breakfast was ready. There was no time for much cooking, but the coffee was warming, and there was plenty of cold venison and bread left over from the previous day. Bart was tucking in when Aruki came up in his usual noiseless fashion and whispered to Mr. Bryson.

Mr. Bryson jumped up.

"What! In sight? Impossible!"

"It true, Baas," replied Aruki gravely. "I see dem men plain, and dey run fast."

"How many?"

"Eber so many, Baas. Dey eat us up quick if we wait for dem."

Mr. Bryson turned to Murdoch.

"Murdoch, Aruki has been up to the top of the Shelf, and has seen Kasoro's men in the pass below us. We are cut off already."

Murdoch whistled softly.

"I never thought they could do it in the time. Well, what's to be done, Bryson? Fight or run?"

"There's no choice. We are cut off already. I suppose we must try to hold them off, though that's a slim chance. Only you and I, Bart, Aruki, and Forty can shoot well. Norcross can't be depended on, and as for the boys they'll simply run like rabbits. What can five of us do against a couple of hundred big niggers?"

Murdoch considered a moment.

"No; we shouldn't have a dog's chance in a scrap. We shall have to run."

"And where do you propose that we should run?" asked Mr. Bryson dryly.

Murdoch pointed to the east, where the towering peaks glistened white against the sunrise.

"We can't go west down the pass; we can't go down the Shelf even if we wanted to. That's our only line, Bryson."

Mr. Bryson shrugged.

"Madness, Murdoch! It's only a question whether we should freeze or starve first."

"How much food have you?" asked Murdoch.

"Enough for three days. I left our main supplies with our canoes at the river, and took just enough to get us here and back."

Aruki broke in anxiously:

"Baas, you no talk so much or dem fellers chop us for sure."

Mr. Bryson laughed.

"Aruki has more sense than either of us. What you say goes. After all, it's better to trust to the mountains than to the tender mercies of Kasoro. Let us be off."

Bart jumped up. As he did so Roger came striding up, looking very cross.

"You don't mean to say you've finished breakfast already? What have you left for me?"

"There's plenty of food, Norcross," said Mr. Bryson, "but I'm afraid you'll have to eat it as you go. Kasoro's men are already in the pass below us."

Roger's face fell.

"In the pass!" he repeated. "Then where are we going?"

"Across the hills," replied Mr. Bryson, pointing.

"Up there!" Roger's voice was a scream. "Up into those beastly snow peaks? I can't and won't!"

"Then," said Mr. Bryson, "you'll stay here and be chopped; or, if you're lucky, be taken as a slave on Kasoro's mealie fields. And I tell you straight that none of us will lift a finger to rescue you."

Roger's temper went west.

"Of all the muddling idiots I ever met you people are the limit!" he sneered. "If you'd only had the sense to chuck your dynamite on top of those niggers instead of blowing up the path——"

He did not get any farther, for Murdoch boiled over, and, stepping forward, caught Roger a clip on the side of the head that sent him staggering.

"And there's another waiting for ye if ye open your impudent mouth again!" said the tall Scot.

Roger was no coward; and he turned on Murdoch like a tiger. But Mr. Bryson stepped between.

"You'll settle this some other time," he said curtly. "Now you'll march."

Roger glared at Mr. Bryson, but his eyes fell. He turned away and, muttering under his breath, started up the hill.

TO BE CONTINUED

Clean, Healthy Adventure Stories for Boys

Every boy likes CHUMS, the grand old weekly paper that his father liked before him. It is always packed with thrilling adventure stories and the sort of articles on games and hobbies that every manly boy likes best. Buy this week's issue and see for yourself how good it is.

CHUMS

Every Saturday, 2d.

Who Was He?

A Man Who Lives by Infamy

MOST men whose names are known long after they are dead are remembered because they were good men or did fine deeds; but some remain known because of their badness. It is right that these bad men should be remembered as warnings and as a lasting punishment.

Perhaps the worst man who lives in English history by his misdeeds had every reason for not doing the bad things he did. He had a very respectable Welsh father and a good English mother. He had the chance of the best education that could be obtained in any English school. He was naturally clever, and could certainly have succeeded in life in entirely honourable ways. In fact, he did succeed amazingly while he was quite young.

He had such power of winning the favour of those who could help him that by the time he was 23 he was the Common Serjeant of the City of London. Before he was 30 he was knighted as a successful advocate in the courts. A year later he became Recorder of London, and then Lord Chief Justice of England, with other offices that brought him riches. By the time he was 33 he was a baronet, and later a baron, a member of the Privy Council, a member of the Cabinet, and finally Lord Chancellor of England. All these honours came to him though he died when he was only forty years old.

How came he to go astray so far when he might have followed the path of honour to high distinction? The answer is that he lived in the reigns of the later Stuarts, Charles the Second and James the Second, and he set himself to win their favour by doing whatever would please them. The things they wanted him to do were mostly bad for the nation, and often involved injustice and cruelty, but he did these services to his Stuart masters as if he loved to do them and revelled in brutality. And at the time he did these evil deeds he was a judge, pledged to give justice to all men.

When a son of Charles the Second tried to take the throne from his uncle James the Second this judge hanged more than 300 people and transported more than 800 people, many of them without allowing them to call witnesses to defend themselves, until the whole country shuddered at his name. Finally, his brutalities, backed by James the Second, led to that king fleeing from the wrath of the people. The unjust judge tried to flee too, but was caught and placed in the Tower of London, the only place where he could be safe from the people's vengeance. There he died. Here is his portrait. Who was he?

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The Harvest is Plenteous But the Labourers Are Few

THE BRAN TUB

A Puzzle in Rhyme

WHAT is my form you'll hardly guess,
For I nor head nor hands possess;
Yet feet I have, though never walk,
Use many words yet never talk.
Both pain and pleasure I can give,
And longer than my maker live.
My parts must be minutely kenned
Before I'm known to you, my friend;
For oft my feature-lines in vain
Are studied o'er and o'er again;
And even though before your eye,
You sometimes cannot me descry.

Answer next week

The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery

The Carrion Hawk

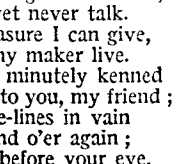
The Carrion Hawks of South America are often called caracaras, a name derived from the cry of the Brazilian caracara. The various species differ somewhat in size, but the Brazilian caracara is about two feet long. Its beak is pale blue, and its cheeks, which are bare of plumage, are red. It can fly to great altitudes, but it also walks and runs well. Its nest is built on a tree, bush, cliff, or on the ground. Carrion hawks, as their name tells, eat dead animals, but they will also attack living prey.

Things Just Patented

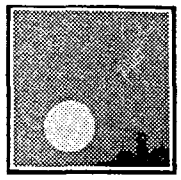
We have no further information about the new patents which are illustrated here.

A New Kind of Bag Handle. Here is a new type of handle which enables a firmer grip to be made. The side pieces to which the rigid handle is attached are extended above the handle, and to these extensions may be hooked a band of leather. When the handle is gripped the leather band engages with the back of the hand, as shown in the picture.

A Portable Draughts Board. This new draughts board has two hinged sections which may be folded together when the board is not in use, and the draughtsmen may then be carried in a channel which runs round the outer edge of each section of the board. Thus the game may be conveniently carried from place to place.



Other Worlds Next Week



IN the morning the planet Mars may be seen in the South-East. In the evening Saturn is in the South-West, Venus is in the North-West, and Jupiter is in the East. The picture shows the Moon as it will appear looking South at 10 p.m. on August 30.

To Litter Louts

A correspondent has copied these lines for us from a board in Scotland, where they are said to have had a good result.

BANANA skins and luncheon scraps,
Orange-peel and chocolate wraps,
Broken bottles and torn rags,
Kodak cases, paper bags,
Cigarettes and matches spent,
Cardboard plates and papers rent,
Tins, and suchlike odds and ends
Spoil beauty spots for other friends.

Playtime Problem

How Old Was the Child?

A FATHER was asked the age of his child.

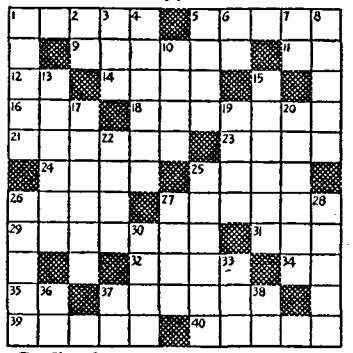
"Divide the year in which he was born by 240," he replied, "and the answer gives his age."

How old was the child?

Answer next week

Cross Word Puzzle

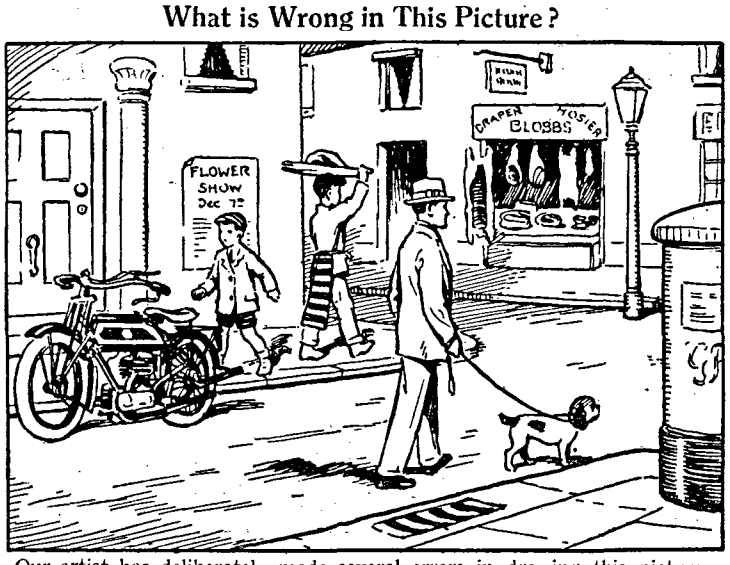
THERE are 46 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. The clues are given below and the answers will appear next week.



Reading Across. 1. An axe handle. 5. To impress. 9. Artless. 11. An exclamation. 12. To exist. 14. To foretell. 16. A dark fluid. 18. Adventurous in flight. 21. The right of holding property. 23. A legendary monster. 24. A duke known as the good. 25. A wild pig. 26. Old. 27. Jointed at an angle of 45 degrees. 29. A prehistoric sloth. 31. Compass point (abbrev.). 32. To bellow. 34. Seventh note of the scale. 35. An interjection. 37. Southern county. 39. A quadrilateral figure. 40. Famous Belgian town.

Reading Down. 1. Usage. 2. Linnean Society (abbrev.). 3. A dead force. 4. Supreme dominion. 5. An excuse. 6. Royal Engineers (abbrev.). 7. Negative. 8. Yours. 10. To walk. 13. Power exerted. 15. Smokes. 17. Falls on the knees. 19. Beginning. 20. To stop. 22. To open out. 25. Double. 26. An Eastern ruler. 27. Native of Morocco. 28. Acts. 30. To thump. 33. A dress fabric. 36. His Highness (abbrev.). 37. Sergeant-major (abbrev.). 38. Year (abbrev.).

What is Wrong in This Picture?



Our artist has deliberately made several errors in drawing this picture. Study the details carefully and see how many mistakes you can find. A list of the things that are wrong will be given next week.

Jacko Gets the Worst of It

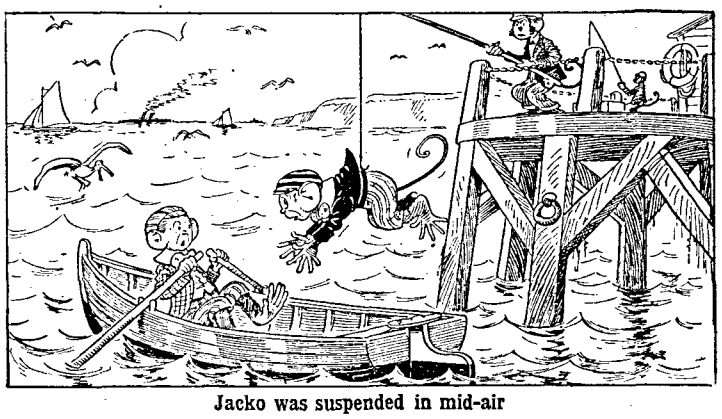
JACKO thought a lot of his friend Chimp. When Mr. Jacko arranged to take the whole family to the sea for the day Jacko's first thought was whether Chimp could come too.

"Not if I know it," said Mr. Jacko, looking very grim.

Strangely enough, Jacko didn't seem very disappointed, and as soon as they reached Monkeyville-on-Sea his family knew why. There was Chimp waiting on the platform.

Mr. Jacko was furious; in fact, he made quite a scene on the platform. But in the end Mrs. Jacko quieted him down.

As a matter of fact, Chimp and Jacko behaved very well—that is to say, so far as the Jacko family was concerned. They only annoyed other people.



Jacko was suspended in mid-air

"How about buying some confetti?" Chimp asked Jacko. "It's great fun throwing it about."

"Tame I call it," said Jacko. "I want something more exciting. Let's hire a boat."

And hire a boat they did, though neither of them had much idea how to manage it.

"I call this great fun," said Jacko, after they had crashed into a small yacht and just missed being run down by a steamer. "Let's go along to the end of the pier."

Somehow or another they managed to get where they wanted this time.

"My word, look at that fishing-line!" said Chimp. "Somebody is hoping to catch a whale!"

It certainly was a thick line, and they could just see the legs of the owner, who was sitting on the end of the pier, high up above them. It was really too good a chance to be missed. Jacko seized an old tin which was lying in the boat and tied it on to the end of the line.

"I like giving surprises," he said. "It must be dull sitting up there all day and catching nothing."

But Jacko's surprises were never welcome. There was an angry roar from above when the fisherman drew up his line and found out the trick that had been played on him.

He let down the line again, and began lashing about with it in the hope of making it too hot for Jacko and Chimp.

"Come on, Chimp! Row!" cried Jacko. "I got a nasty whack that time."

But they were both so bad at managing a boat that they merely went round in a circle. And suddenly Jacko felt a jerk: the hook had caught in his belt!

"Help, Chimp!" he cried. But it was too late. *The next minute he was suspended in mid-air!*

The fisherman jerked him about on the end of the line for quite a time; then he pulled him up on to the pier and gave him a piece of his mind.

Altogether it was a bit too exciting, even for Jacko.

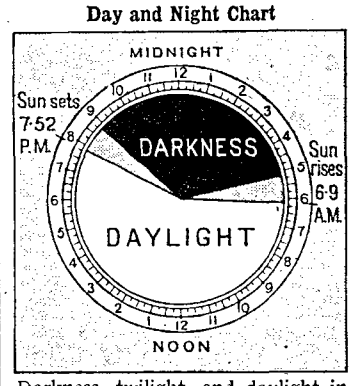
Next Week's Nature Calendar

MARTINS are collecting in great numbers on the roofs of houses preparatory to flying South. The chaffinch has begun to sing again. The clouded yellow butterfly is seen on the wing. The berries of the red bryony are ripe. Barberries are ripe. The autumnal gentian is in flower.

Ici On Parle Français

Le prix du pain a beaucoup augmenté.
Le lézard se chauffe au bon soleil.
L'aimant a la forme d'un fer à cheval.

Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows shorter each day.

DR MERRYMAN

Both Gone

"MARY, did you put out my coat to dry?" called the master of the house.

"Yes, sir," replied the maid.

"Well, has the dampness gone?"

"Yes, it has," replied Mary as, looking through the window, she saw a tramp run off with the coat. "And the coat's gone, too!"

Jam

By Peter Puck

AT the height of Athens' fame,
In the days of mighty Plato:
None, however great his name,
Knew the taste of a potato.

And since Hellas never grew
Any berry-bearing tree,
Not a boy there ever knew
The delight of jam at tea.

Neither rasp. nor strawb. nor cherry,
Swam in juice by sugar made;
Pericles was never merry
With a splash of marmalade.

Famed is Greece in song and story,
Great in arts of war and peace;
But I envy not her glory:
Jam was never known in Greece.

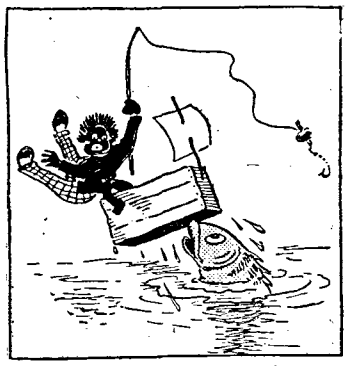
Wise Lad

CHEMISTRY was not Jimmy's favourite lesson, and noticing that he was rather inattentive the master fired a question at him.

"I have a cylinder of poisonous gas here. If any of it escaped what steps would you take?"

"Very long ones, sir," was Jimmy's quick reply.

A Double Loss



WHILE Golly fished a big fish rose
And caused his boat to lurch.
"It's clear to me I've lost," cried he,
"My balance and my *perch!*"

Naturally

THE new assistant was not quite familiar with all the goods sold, and when a customer asked him if a flannel shirt would shrink he went into the office and appealed to his chief.

"Well, how does it fit him?" asked the proprietor.

"It's much too large, sir," replied the assistant.

"Of course it will shrink, then."

Real Thrillers

THE teacher had been talking about books.

"And what are your favourite books, Jackie?" she asked a young hopeful near the bottom of the class.

"Cookery books, Miss," was the astonishing reply.

"Cookery books?" echoed the teacher. "Why?"

"Because they are so full of stirring incidents!"

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

A Charade. So-fa.

Six Words in One. Warmth.

Changeling

Rent, lent, lint, line, lane, late, rate.

Playtime Problem

There were 11 children, for 2s. 6½d. is 121 farthings, which can only be divided into 11 shares of 11 farthings each.

Beheaded Word. Chair, hair, air.

A Riddle in Rhyme. Babylon.

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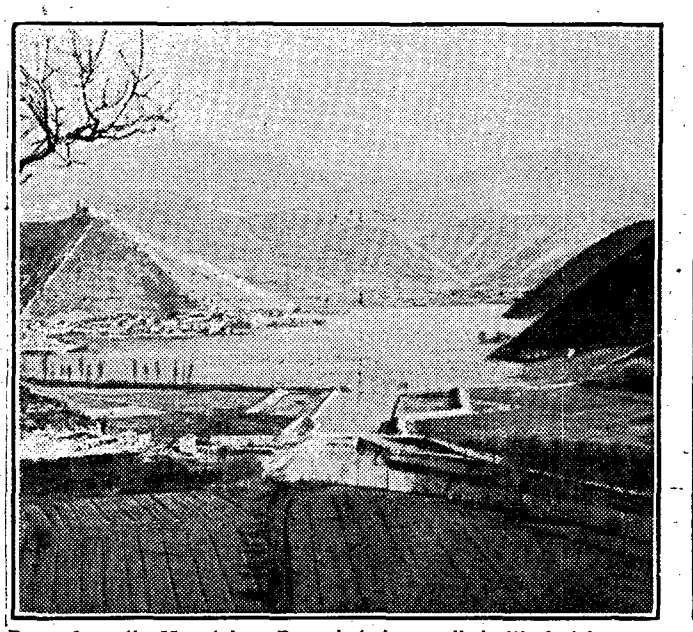
The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

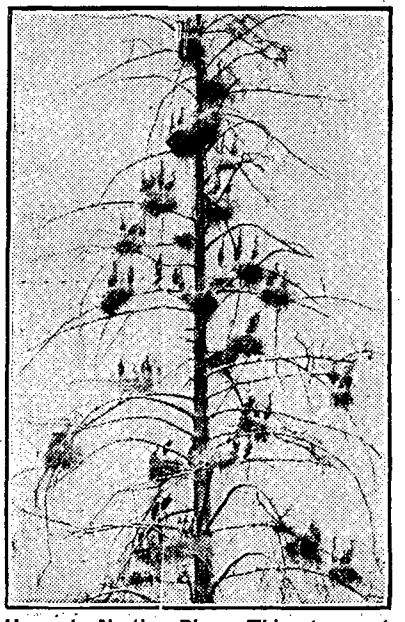
August 25, 1928 — Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere except Canada for 14s. 6d. a year; Canada, 14s. See below.

POWER FROM THE MOUNTAINS • MOTOR-CAR AT SEA • TEA-TIME IN CAMP

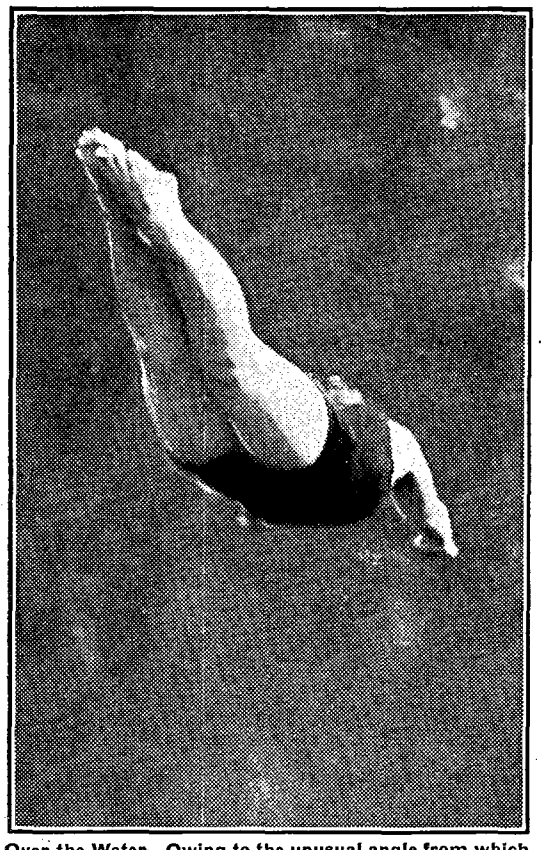


Power from the Mountains—Rome is to be supplied with electric power derived from the waters of the Abruzzi mountains. As part of the scheme a Roman canal of 200 B.C. is to be utilised, and Lake Piediluco, seen in this Daily Telegraph picture, forms a huge natural reservoir.



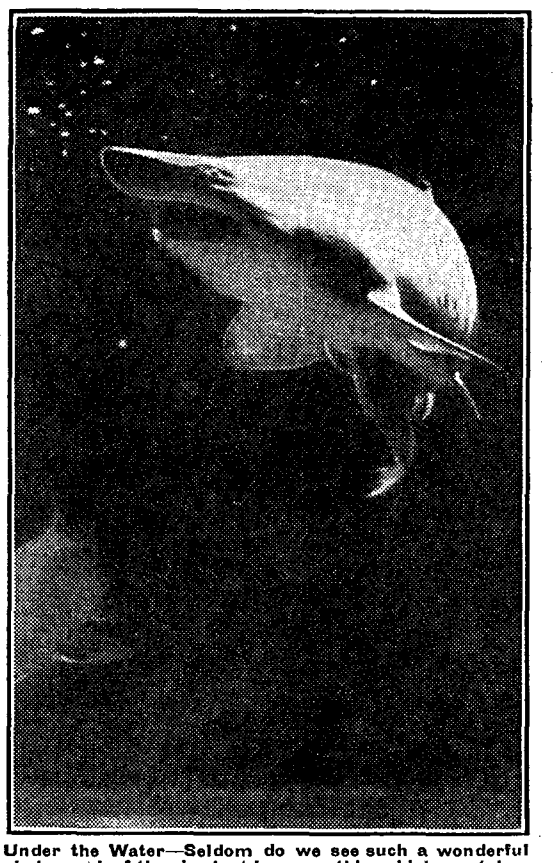
Herons' Nesting-Place—This tree at Vancouver, in which herons built their nests every year, became unsafe and has been cut down. See page 8.

Motor-car at Sea—When some motorists at Southport went to the water's edge for a bathe the hind wheels of their car sank in the soft sand, and before it could be rescued the tide came up, as seen in this picture, and in time completely covered the vehicle.

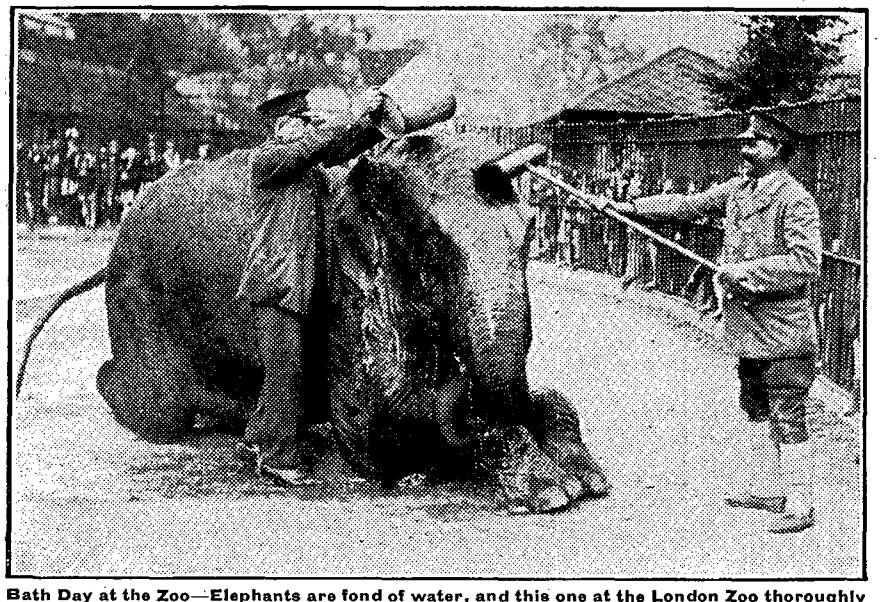


Over the Water—Owing to the unusual angle from which this photograph of a diver in mid-air was taken it is, perhaps, difficult at first to see what it is.

The Twins—These little girls attracted considerable attention at a fête held at Dunster Castle, in Somerset. They are twin sisters, and their quaint dress made them appear even more alike.



Under the Water—Seldom do we see such a wonderful photograph of the shark at home as this, which was taken in the Atlantic near the Bahamas. See page 9.



Bath Day at the Zoo—Elephants are fond of water, and this one at the London Zoo thoroughly enjoys its bath, which requires the services of two keepers, as seen here.

Tea-time in Camp—Thousands of Guides and Scouts have been enjoying the experience of camp life. These merry Guides are all quite ready for a refreshing cup of tea.

THE WILD COMING BACK TO ITS OWN—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR SEPTEMBER

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